

DIRECT ACTION IS LABOR'S WEAPON

DIRECT ACTION WILL GET THE COORS

Industrial Worker

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL!"

VOL. 4 No. 40

One Dollar a Year

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THE STRIKE AT MERRYVILLE

By Ed Lehman.

Ever since Nov. 11th the members of Local 218 have been on strike. There has been no violence or unlawful acts committed by the members of the Union. The workers of the South are beginning to realize that there is nothing to be gained by violence and are not expecting anything from the I. W. W. but are expecting something from the Lumber Barons. They know that the I. W. W. has nothing to give them, for they have nothing, but they know that Kirby, Long and a few others have it all and that the I. W. W. is the machine to make them "come across" and "produce." On the morning of Nov. 11th, after the white and black workers had walked out, about ten or twelve colored workers were assembled in front of the Company's office. One of the Company's stool pigeons came out of the office and the following conversation took place.

Stool Pigeon: "You niggers are not working?"

Colored Worker: "No, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "Have you niggers struck?"

Colored Worker: "Yes, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "Do you niggers belong to the Union?"

Colored Worker: "Yes, sah."

Stool Pigeon: "What in the hell do you niggers ever expect to get out of this dam Union?"

Colored Worker: "We ain't 'specting' nothing outen de Union, sah, we am 'specting' it outen you bosses!"

The Company is hiring gunmen and Burns thugs by the score to scare and force the workers back on the job by telling them if they do not go back to work they would run them off or kill them, to which the workers reply: "You can run us off and kill us, but can not make us (Continued on page 8.)"

A MODEL CAMP—JUST ONE

By Frank R. Schleis.

A report reaches us from reliable sources that a certain logging camp on the Darrington branch of the Northern Pacific has made some startling changes, as far as bunk-houses go. No more of your double-deck bunks! No more of your large sized bunk-houses!

Instead, three little rooms for three husky loggers with three neat steel bedsteads for three tired toilers to sleep in at night. And these three steel bedsteads have three sets of springs in them, and three mattresses on the three sets of springs, and on these mattresses are blankets for three men to sleep in—all furnished by the company.

And then there is a neat little basin in the corner where running water is to be had to wash in.

There is plenty of light and air and what is more "loggers with bundles keep out!" Yes, indeed, DON'T bring those blankets you have packed so long into this camp. Won't let you in. (Are you sorry?)

You see, they are furnishing the Beds, the Springs, the Mattresses and the Blankets.

What do you know about that?

But that is just one camp—just one.

There are hundreds of other camps in the Northwest—hundreds of them.

Some of them furnish springs and mattresses, and some of them don't—a good many of them don't. Those that do charge you for the use of them.

We have got a scheme that will get springs and mattresses, iron bedsteads and blankets furnished in every camp, and the boss won't charge you for the use of them either. We will make every camp a model camp. We will tell you about it if you write to the address below. Just address your letter to secretary, 211 Occidental avenue, Seattle, Wash.



THE REASON

Where Is the Montana Lumberman's Union?

By Fred W. Heslewood.

Where is it? Where is the old fighting union that forced the wages up in all the Western Montana lumber camps and forced the hours down to nine a day?

This question has been asked a thousand times and it has been answered over every bar in every saloon in Montana and in many other states. It's a long story but an interesting one.

The Western Montana lumber workers were members of the old American Labor Union and merged with that organization into the I. W. W. in the fall of 1905 at the first convention. It had several thousand members and some 70 local unions. Each camp was a local and the charters adorned the walls of the bunk house and there were none to say nay as the lumberjack had shop control, knew it and was proud of it and he watched his union grow and thrive as a mother watches her children.

Trouble Starts.

Everything worked smoothly until the second annual convention of the I. W. W. and even for some time after the split in the organization, for it was in the spring of 1907 that the men went on strike for the nine-hour day and an increase of

wages and won it after the company had lost thousands of dollars in lost logs on the drives.

The real trouble and disintegration started when the lumbermen were induced to leave the I. W. W. entirely and affiliate with the Montana State Union of the W. F. M. after the victory in the spring of 1907. After the victory the lumber companies, especially the Amalgamated Copper Co., began a war of extermination against the old I. W. W. The companies were smarting under the lash of defeat and to get revenge it was necessary to import another union and one that could be handled by the masters and whose leaders would do their bidding. The International Brotherhood of Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers, an A. F. L. organization, was the one to do the job. The I. W. W. men sewed themselves up into a one-year contract after the victory of 1907 and the year of the contract was utilized by the companies in making plans for the defeat of the I. W. W. when the contract would expire.

The I. W. W. men (now an independent union) in the spring of 1908 demanded a renewal of the contract and the same con-

ditions as had existed for the year. The companies refused to recognize them and openly declared war on them.

Fakirs Get Busy.

Labor skates of the A. F. L. went from camp to camp accompanied by the superintendents of the lumber companies and the men were either forced then and there to take out a card in the A. F. L. organization or hit the trail. The old fighters to a man hit the trail. Scabs were brought in and herded by gunmen after being forced into the scab union. Five hundred men walked 60 miles from Seeley lake to Missoula after the superintendent had made his speech telling the men they must quit their old union and join the new one. He was even so considerate as to tell them that their cards would be transferable into the company union. The men left this camp to a man, leaving nothing behind but the A. F. L. organizer, the superintendent and the gunmen and horses.

The Montana State Union.

The Montana State Union of the W. F. M. was made up of local unions of the W. F. M. in the state and such independent (Continued on page 8.)

To Workers of the Redwood Belt!

By John Pancner.

Conditions in Humboldt county and the Redwood district are bordering on a state of industrial slavery and peonage. Several large companies own entire towns. By owning the stores, churches, newspapers, hotels and the houses the working people live in they own their very lives. Against these conditions we must rise in revolt. If we do not resist we are cowards and will remain slaves.

Perhaps the wages in the woods for some jobs may be better than in other places. But how about the shafts you live in? Do the union miners sleep in bunk houses and pack their blankets? No! Many of the jails in this country furnish better and cleaner beds than can be had in the lumber camps of Humboldt county. The food in the company cook houses is very poor, coarse and of the cheapest kind. The common laborers about the sawmills receive \$1.75 and \$2.00 per day. Compare that with \$2.25 and \$2.50 received for the same kind of work in parts of Oregon and Washington.

Now about the long hours in the woods: Do you call that living? It is worse than a dog's life. This working from dark to dark reminds us of the worker that got a steady job from a farmer. He worked

from 4 o'clock in the morning till 1 o'clock at night. When called the next morning at 4 o'clock he rolled up his blankets and started to hike. The farmer seeing him leaving, called out to him: "I thot you wanted a steady job." Ole replied: "I did, but you laid me off four hours last night."

How about the compulsory hospital fee? Why can't we take out a card in the Union Labor Hospital which is the best hospital in Humboldt county? How about Sunday board, which we have to pay whether we eat or not?

And where did the Lumber Barons get their start?

Most of them stole it from Uncle Sam or from the widows of homesteaders. Fine patriotism, isn't it? These are the same scoundrels that howl anarchy and lawlessness at the I. W. W. when we go on strike. The bosses and their tools howl that I. W. W. means "I won't work." I. W. W. means Industrial Workers of the World; One Big Union of all the Workers regardless of race, creed, color or politics. The I. W. W. is the most misrepresented and the most feared organization in the country. Wherever you see any one running down the I. W. W. he either

doesn't understand or else he is an agent of the Capitalist class.

The old cry is "we had one strike in Humboldt county and we lost." Is that any reason why we should remain contented slaves? The International Brotherhood of Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers did not carry on any educational work, therefore there was no militant spirit.

The One Big Union not only asks for more wages, shorter hours, better conditions, etc., but seeks to educate its members on economics and the best methods of industrial warfare. The I. W. W. says you can't fight capital with capital or with long-drawn out strikes. We want a big strike, but one that is short and sweet. The Brotherhood of Timber Workers have joined the I. W. W., making a National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers about 32,000 strong.

All of those who have red blood in their veins are asked to take out a red card in the I. W. W. The initiation fee is \$1.00 and the dues are 50 cents per month. Let our battle cry be the eight hour day, Life and Freedom for all the workers, and when we get strong enough take and run the lumber industry in the interest of the lumber workers.

Write to Box 1011, Eureka, Cal., for further information.

SENDING THEIR CHILDREN AWAY

Strike bulletin issued by Textile Workers' strike committee, Matilda Rabinowitz, secretary, box 458, Little Falls, N. Y.:

Little Falls, N. Y., Dec. 17.—Eighteen boys and girls, children of the textile workers who have been on strike here since October 10 against a reduction in pay, were sent out of the danger zone this morning on the 11:08 train for Schenectady, where they will be taken care of by the Socialists and sympathizers until the strike is over. Seven other children were to go but at the last moment their parents refused to let them leave their homes because they had no underwear. These parents are engaged in making underwear all the year round, but have not enough to keep their children warm.

The strikers saw the children off in a body, but were compelled to maintain silence, as the police would allow no cheering, and also forbade singing and the carrying of placards. Some difficulty was encountered in reaching the station as the police first notified those in charge of the children that they would have to walk in the street and then ordered them back on the sidewalk again. One mother who was wheeling a baby alongside of an older child was ordered out of the line of march on the ground that she was obstructing traffic.

This is the first time since the great Lawrence strike that the children of strikers have been sent away from their homes. Their departure this morning went off without a hitch, three girl strikers accompanying the babes to Schenectady to see that they are placed in their temporary homes with safety. At the last moment mothers clung to their children in desperation and there were tears in the eyes of even the conductor, who himself took a hand in seating them comfortably.

More children will be sent away as soon as sufficient warm clothing can be obtained to fit them out.

Detective Kenny of Albany, for the alleged stabbing of whom Organizers Legere and Bochino are in Herkimer jail, has been fired from the local police force for an affray with the proprietor of a hotel here, whose daughter he insulted. Kenny also caused the imprisonment of Valera Zugai, a young Polish woman with a two-year-old child, on a charge of assaulting him with a club.

Two cops were caught one night last week stealing underwear from one of the struck mills, but are still on the force.

The police threat of eviction from the building in which the relief kitchen is located has failed to work. It had been discovered that the property extends partly over state land and only the state authorities have power to interfere. So far they have made no objection.

Organizer Miles of the United Textile Workers, having failed to break the strike here, has gone to Utica, where yesterday he caused a walkout from one mill in an effort to get rid of two I. W. W. workers.

The strike here was never in better shape. It should be remembered that upon its outcome depends the fate of practically all textile workers in this state.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL.

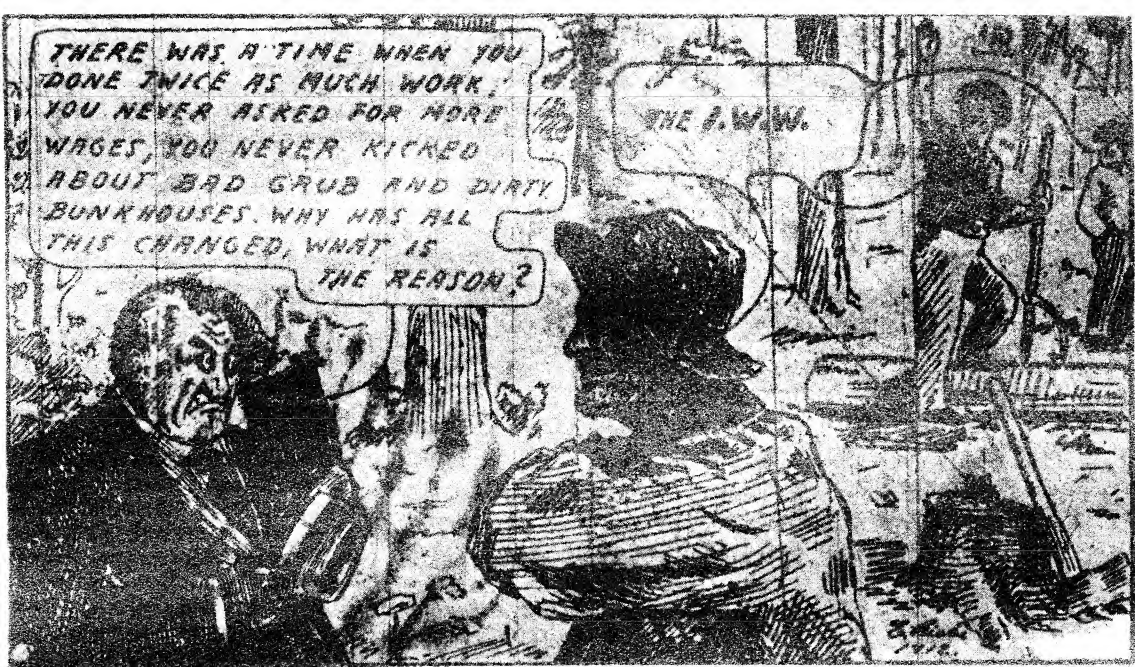
Little Falls, N. Y., Dec. 14.—Headquarters of the striking textile workers was the scene of jubilation this morning when a committee reported that they had gotten out nearly all of the remaining scabs in the McKinnon mill, which belongs to the Phoenix Company. The scabs still remaining promised to stay away from work on Monday so that this mill will be completely tied up.

This news, coming on top of the pro-

(Continued on page 8.)

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU
DONE TWICE AS MUCH WORK.
YOU NEVER ASKED FOR MORE
WAGES, YOU NEVER KICKED
ABOUT BAD GRUB AND DIRTY
BUNKHOUSES. WHY HAS ALL
THIS CHANGED, WHAT IS
THE REASON?

THE I.W.W.



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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS

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Jas. P. Thompson General Organizer

GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD

P. Eastman, Jos. J. Ettor, Ewald Koettgen, F. H. Little, J. M. Foss.

Entered as second-class matter, May 21, 1910, at the Postoffice at
Spokane, Wash., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Without desiring to boost prohibition, we are safe in saying that the boss prefers a lumberjack who *drinks* to one who *thinks*. He who spends his spare time trying to find ways of changing miserable condition is a terror to the labor skinnners, while the man who drowns the memory of his misery in drink is their secret delight.

Trees don't care who fell them. They make just as good lumber when felled by the hands of a negro, a Hindoo, or any other race, as when coming from the hands of a white American citizen. In hiring men, employers pick according to muscle and skill, not nationality. The interests of all who work in the woods and mills are the same.

MY WORD! WHAT A PROLETARIAN!

Socialism as she is expounded becomes more complex each day. The latest perplexing question to arise is the relation of a "revolutionist's" valet to the class struggle.

Some of the "comrade" lawyers, who have so kindly volunteered to guide the political destinies of the "ignorant rabble," recently imported from England a typical labor faker, J. Keir Hardie by name. It was the mission of this worthy "gentleman" to boost reform and craft unionism.

Hardie toured the country, praising Civic Federation unionism, knocking the I. W. W., and never once mentioning that a class struggle exists in society. And when he finished the trip he put in a bill to the national office of the Socialist Party, not only for taxicab hire and "gratuities to ship's officers," but for the services of his valet as well.

Will Hillquit, Hunter and their reactionary clique please inform us if the interests of J. Keir Hardie are identical with those of the "man" who dresses and undresses him and tucks him in his little trundle bed each night?

It is deucedly vulgar to make such "impertinent" inquiries, but we desire information, dontcherknow.

DON'T DO IT, BOYS!

We are sure that no self-respecting lumber worker would ever resort to that terrible thing called sabotage. We wish to warn all workers against it.

You don't know what sabotage is, you say? Well perhaps it is best to tell you so that you may take warning.

Sabotage in the woods might mean working slow on the job. You wouldn't do that would you? Never. It is against the interest of Weyerhaeuser, Clark, Kirby and Long. You love these gentlemen, don't you?

Sabotage may mean misplacing the tools where they are not easily found. Promise us that you will never do that. The day workers especially should never resort to such an infamous thing.

Sabotage may mean that logs are cut shorter than the required size. When the boss shortens your pay you should never shorten the lumber, for his daughter may desire to purchase a diseased count from across the ocean and you know your interests are identical. What a pleasure it is to be allowed to support a count.

Sabotage may mean the driving of spikes into the logs or even into the trees. Some uncivilized loggers have threatened to drive one twenty-penny spike a day for every nickel that is cut from their wages. Terrible! No good, honest, christian, gentlemanly logger would do anything like that. It isn't good for mill saws.

Sabotage means lots of other things. We may mention them from time to time as a warning to wayward lumberjacks. We know that sabotage does not appeal to you.

The kind boss lets you use his tools. Sometimes he does not even charge you for the wear and tear on

them. Surely your interests are the same and you must give him "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work." When the merry lice play tag on your itching form remember your mutual interests with friends Weyerhaeuser, Kirby, Clark and Long. Every bite is an injury to them. When the butter is rancid, when the grub is rotten, when the bunks are cold and filthy, when the hours are long and the dangers many, just reflect that there are no classes in America. You could be where Kirby and Weyerhaeuser are, if you had stolen the timberlands first. And don't use sabotage.

Vote if you may, pray if you must, arbitrate if you will, and even strike—in the dull season after stockpiling and giving due notice—but never, never, use sabotage.

All loggers who will agree not to use sabotage please say "Aye." Thanks. Now all saw mill workers who won't use sabotage kindly hold up your hands. Your whole hands, please. Beg pardon! We forgot that saw mill workers don't have whole hands. But you won't use sabotage either, will you? Splendid!

Don't use sabotage, and for your kind forbearance we feel sure that you will receive a suitable reward. The boss may be generous enough to cut your wages so as to save you the trouble of spending so much, and lengthen your hours so that the devil may find no mischief for idle hands to do.

For the love of your boss and the glory of your soul don't use sabotage.

WE MUST MAKE GOOD.

The sentiment for One Big Union is strong throughout the lumber camps of the Northwest and down the Pacific coast. This sentiment can be brought into form of organization if proper attention is given to the task.

The principal difficulty is to demonstrate to the men of the camps and mills that we mean just what we say. They have been fooled by the Royal Loggers, the Brotherhood, the International, and the Federation Organization Agency, and there are many who want all the things for which we stand but have been disgusted with the very name of unionism by the fakes foisted upon them by agents of the employers.

The A. F. of L. is preparing to start organization work in the lumber industry. They will spend directly a large sum of money. The employers, to avoid having to deal with the I. W. W. will doubtlessly spend a great deal more. But the loggers have the past scabbery of the American Federation of Labor too fresh on their minds to be fooled again. They will roll up their blankets and leave the camps, as they did when the International was foisted upon them, rather than join in an organization that invites certain defeat.

With the I. W. W. already in the lumber camps and no attempt on the part of the A. F. of L. to organize there for several years past, we look upon the proposed organization move as simply an attempt to break up the I. W. W. That a few well meaning men are connected with the attempt is to be lamented for they are used as a cloak behind which there are those fakers who have one hand out to the boss for their retaining fees and the other out to the workers for their dues.

Is it not strange that the A. F. of L. entirely forgot the loggers until the I. W. W. had launched a National Union? Their only organization is the Shingle Weavers and we have no doubt that if the proposition were put up to the members of that organization there would be a majority in favor of joining the I. W. W.

The work before the I. W. W. is to see that our literature is placed in the hands of every wage worker in the entire lumber industry. This must be followed with speeches in every camp and mill. Then there must follow organization on the job.

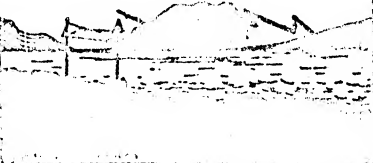
Branches must be maintained in every locality and proper communication kept up with the local. The locals in turn must see that the National Industrial Union is thoroughly informed on conditions. At this time it is more important that we have a member in each camp than a large number of members in one camp.

By making a stand for better conditions on every possible occasion and always driving home the point of organization into One Big Union, we can prove to the disheartened lumber workers that we are not in business to fool them as were the other organizations.

If those members now in the camps and mills make good by showing at all times a spirit of solidarity and also by using every occasion to agitate for the workers to organize at the point of production to gain industrial control, there will be members added to our ranks in direct proportion to the energy and ability displayed.

If we are to organize the lumber industry we must make good. We are slowly gaining the confidence of the lumber workers and the future looks bright for the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers.

TRANSLATED NEWS



INTERNATIONAL BULLETIN OF THE SYNDICALIST MOVEMENT

France.

The extraordinary congress called by the C. G. T. of France on the 24th and 25th of November was a complete success. No less than 1453 organizations were represented, and, after long discussions, the delegates accepted the principle of a general strike of 24 hours as a preventative measure against war. The date of the first demonstration against all eventualities of war was fixed for December 16. By another resolution the congress decided that the French workers will not answer the order of mobilization, but that they will immediately assemble in their local groups and begin a revolutionary general strike.

Italy.

At Modano on November 23, 24, 25, representatives of 100,000 Italian workers held a congress on behalf of revolutionary syndicalism. The representation by industry was 300 agricultural unions, with 30,000 members; 100 transport unions, including public service, with 30,000 members; 150 unions of the building and furnishing trades, with 20,000 members; 25 metal workers' unions, with 7,000 members; 30 clothing workers' unions, with 2,000 members; 20 unions of the catering trade, with 3,000 members; 10 mining unions, with 5,000 members, and 10 different unions with 3,000 members. These approximate figures are fairly accurate.

After a lively discussion the activity of the committee on Direct Action was approved. A resolution demanding the release of all political and military prisoners, some 2,000 in numbers, was voted unanimously.

Believing that the workers must gain their own freedom, the congress, by a large majority, passed the following resolutions:

"It recognizes as temporary arms for the unions the partial strike; boycott and sabotage by the help of which the bourgeoisie from day to day is obliged to cede a little of its profits, at the same time driven to use more extreme means of defense. A general strike of all the workers of all branches of production is the only way to realize the definite expropriation of the bourgeoisie classes."

On November 24th the revolutionary syndicalists definitely separated from the Confederazione del Lavoro, forming a new national organization in which it is hoped to unite the whole Italian working class. The discussion on this action lasted nearly ten hours, the motion being carried by a vote of 42,114 against 28,152, with 3,000 abstaining from voting. Twenty-five thousand of the votes in favor of retaining the old affiliation came from the railway men, thus proving that with the exception of this union nearly the whole of the Italian revolutionary proletariat have come to see the necessity of separating themselves from the conservatives and reactionaries in the interests of the labor movement itself.

The new organization is known as the "Italian Syndical Union" and has as its official organ the paper "Internazionale." Resolutions were then passed on anti-militarism, on the necessity of founding a branch of work like the French "Soldier's Penny," on the relations of the labor exchanges and federations, on the organization of public service workers, and a proposal of Coridoni putting the organizations of the South under the immediate control of the Central Committee. Parma was chosen as the headquarters of the union and it there that the next congress will take place at the end of the year 1913.

Editor's Note.—In view of the actions of certain alleged syndicalists, whose activities have been largely directed toward the destruction of the I. W. W., the above news from Italy is more than interesting. It is to be hoped that the time is near at hand when all revolutionists will come to see that it is useless to try to put "new wine in old bottles."

Songs to fan the flames of discontent, 10 cents. Get an I. W. W. Song Book today.

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."

TRANSLATING A CAROL.

The December Rip-Saw contains a poem by H. G. Creel calculated to perpetuate that hoary old lie about the gentleman who arrives annually on a reindeer special loaded with toys and goodies for children who have been good. Time was when socialists advocated telling the truth to children, but radicals must keep moving and if love for an ancient form of unionism prevents their moving forward they must perforce move backward, even to mythology. The lesson of the poem, which is a beautiful specimen of bourgeois philosophy, is "It is to your monetary interest to be good." Not good for the sake of goodness, you understand—for goodness sake, no!—but goodness merely for the sake of reward.

It is to be regretted that the talented Creel could not have employed his time to better advantage. Surely he knows that Santa Claus is an enemy of The Rip-Saw and very seldom leaves any presents worth mentioning in homes visited by that paper. He might better have pointed out the reason for this fact instead of stooping to an attempt at convincing the wee victims of greed that dear Santa Claus passes them by only because they have sinned. He might better have told them the truth, as becomes a socialist, instead of leading them to believe that if they are good they will share in the bounties of Christmas day; might better have told them that Santa Claus is an agent of capitalist thieves and, whether they are good or bad, will bring them nothing so long the capitalists rule.

Bitter enough are the tragedies of workingclass childhood, "Comrade" Creel, without attributing its miseries to sin. Sad enough are the lives of the little "sonnies" of the southland, and in intimating that their naughtiness is responsible for their poverty you have sinned to a far greater degree than their innocent kind is capable. You have sinned in adding grievous disappointment to the heart-breaking cheerlessness that shall be the lot of most workingclass children on Dec. 25, and if Santa Claus were real and knew aught of justice he would take the good things intended for you and deliver them to the half starved children of Arkansas, whose fathers pay for the presents which Santa Claus brings to your children and in return receive the solace of reading your insult to their children.

I hope, Comrade Creel, that you have not become so utterly bourgeois that an honest opinion will offend you. If so, let me suggest that you make additional use of the title of one of your pamphlets and rename your holy Christmas carol "Prostitution for Profit."

—JIM SEYMOUR.

SOME REASON FOR SUCCESS.

The most successful loggers local on the Pacific Coast is No. 422 of Seattle, Wash. There's a reason.

Secretaries of other lumber worker locals desiring to know the cause for the good standing of the local can learn of same by writing to the "Industrial Worker", P. O. Box 2129, Spokane, Wash.

They have done it. You can do it. Write at once.

PREAMBLE OF THE I. W. W.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people, and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class has interests in common with their employers.

Their conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalism, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

Solidarity and the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER" can be had in combination for \$1.50 per year. Canada and foreign, \$2.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

By Covington Hall.
The Sucker.

When God had finished making the tape worm, the jackal, the sloth, the cucu-coo and the jellyfish He did not know what to do with the odds and ends left over, matter that was absolutely spineless, and he bethought himself what he could do with it, and he said: "I must make something meaner than a tapeworm, more sneaking than the jackal, more sluggish than the sloth, more brainless than the cucu-coo and with less backbone than a jellyfish." This was a hell-of-a-job, even for God, and after thinking long and hard, he gave it up and went off into the cool of the garden to rest. Then, while God was sleeping, Cringe and Crawl sneaked into his workshop, got hold of the mess left in the waste jar of creation and tried to make a man out of it, but, being without any soul-substance, grey-matter, heart-strings or backbone, all they succeeded in creating was a caricature, which, on his return, God kicked out of his presence and damned it to be forever on its knees licking boots from everlasting unto everlasting. And this was the Sucker.

The Gunman.

When God made the coyote, the hyena, the moccasin, the curdog and the skunk he gave the refuse to Belial, the Lord of greed and violence, and told him to take it to Hell and be sure to cremate it. Satan, however, refusing to let Belial enter Hell with the terrible substance, Belial bethought himself to play a joke on God and, retiring to the slums of Sodom, placed the God-acursed stuff in the nest of a leperous vulture and she hatched therefrom the Gunman, which was reared on blood and given a were-wolf soul by Belial. Since then this Thing has been the murder-proxy by which Emperors, Kings, Nobles and Capitalists have ruled the earth and maintained "law," "order," "impartial justice," "civilization" and "society" from destruction. The difference between the gunman and the detective, with apologies to the vultures, is that between a buzzard and a carrion crow.

Compared to a gunman, a polecat is a violet and a coyote is a lion.

The Scab.

A scab is a two-legged degenerate built in the form of a man with a squirming mass of maggots for a brain and a corruption soaked soul. He steals milk from hungry babies, drives starving girls into a life of shame, is a disgrace to the mother who bore him, and the vilest traitor the race has ever known. When he goes down the street, honest men turn their backs, the angels in Heaven shed tears, and the Devil shuts the gates of hell, lest he enter and befoul Gehenna. Judas would have resented the insult of being called a scab, for, after betraying his fellow-worker, he went and hanged himself.

No man has a right to scab as long as he can find a pool of water deep enough to drown himself in or a rope long enough to hang himself.

After God had created the leech, the louse, the lamp-eel, the jelly-fish and the viper, He forgot to destroy the mean and terrible substance left, and a harpy, brooding over it, hatched therefrom the scab.

The Detective.

After God had created or allowed to be created the Militiaman, the cadet, the sucker, the scab and the gunman, the refuse of the refuse was stolen by a ghoul, who mixed it with the blood of a cancerous vampire and created therefrom a she Frankenstein. This monster was defiled by a High Priest of the Golden Calf and gave birth to a soulless son, who in turn defiled the daughter of a Gunman and she bore him a son she called Detective. From the sons of this son, intermarrying with the daughters of Perjury and Assassination, sprang the missing link between the harpy, the were-wolf and the viper, a thing in the form of man, but which was neither bird, beast, human, nor reptile, the labor detective.

Compared to a detective, the bloodhounds the militia used to hunt down miners in West Virginia are not degenerates and the militia, who corrupted the hounds, are flowers of Knighthood and chivalry,—compared to a detective, but this with apologies to the dogs, who were alright until they were given a "patriotic" education and forced to associate with gunmen and detectives.

LOGGERS AND LUMBERWORKERS START NEW LOCAL.

All loggers and mill workers making Tacoma their headquarters, are requested to call on the secretary of L. U. 338 and get transferred to the new local's books. A meeting will be held to get camp delegates for 1913. The headquarters for millworkers and loggers is at 1421 Court A, between 14 and 15th Sts.

A. J. AMOLSCHE,
Temporary Secretary.

NO REAL CAUSE FOR DISBELIEF—JUST I. W. W. AGITATION

SCUM A CHRISTMAS TALE

By Thomas McConnell, Jr.

When the name of Dunstan town is mentioned, you think of the Dunstan textile mills; just as in Ireland people think of looms and of spindles when Belfast, that great center of the textile industry, is mentioned. When you think of the Dunstan mills, you must think also of the hordes of men, women and children that work in them, of the Hungarians, the Poles, the Slavs, the Lithuanians, the Bohemians, the Syrians, the Italians, the Germans, the French, the Scotch and the Irish, who spread out over the land in black armies when the whistles blow at night. "The scum of Europe," Dunstan has called them. And when you think of the workers of the Dunstan mills, you must think also of John P. Dunstan, their master. Joe Callahan used to call Dunstan "a scourge of God". A scourge he is, He has ravaged the people like a plague. With those cruel knouts called overwork and underpay, he has lashed the sore back of labor for years. Go to Dunstan if you want to see weak women and little helpless children undergoing crucifixion day by day. Steep, bleak, rough and full of woe was the path which Jesus trod up Calvary. So the priests are saying on this, the eve of Christmas. But the path which the scum of Europe are treading now in Dunstan, and in all of the giant industries of the United States, is as cruel and as broken and as thirsty as Calvary's road of anguish. Cruel, you say, and bloody was the cross which Christ bore. Was it more cruel or bloodier than the textile industry which the scum of Europe is carrying on its aching back? I tell you that the pain of the crown of thorns was not more agonizing than the bursting throbs which the everlasting roar and the ceaseless rumble of the steel machines send through the tired brains of Dunstan's workers. The soldiers put wooden thorns in Christ's head; they were kinder than Dunstan of the mills; they might have tortured him for years and years with the thorns of cold and hunger. The bloody nails that tore Christ's flesh, and the crimson hammer than maimed him, were kinder than the nails of famine, and kinder than the hammer of greed, which brings forth, not life's blood, but red sweat from the heart; so that you will not die before dawn, but will live on and on through black years of sorrow. It is the eve of Christ's birth. I hear the church bells saying that. "Rejoice!" they seem to say. "For Christ, Who died for you, is born again." Ah, but Christ was but one that died for me. The scum of Europe have died for me by thousands every year. They are dying now in the mills of Dunstan that I might have clothes to wear; they are dying in the mines that I might have fuel to keep out the cold; they are wasting away in the heat of Pennsylvania's furnaces that I might have ships of steel to carry me over the sea, and buildings of iron to withstand fire and rails of metal to carry me over the world. The scum of the world are a vast multitude of Christs. These Christs die for me whenever a mine caves in, whenever a liner sinks into the sea, whenever the flames lick up a mill or a factory. For me these Christs, as poor and as lowly as the Nazarene, are crucified in the bowels of the earth, in red-hot stokeholes, in the glaring hells of the Steel Trust. I mourn when these die for me; they are dying always; so I am always mourning. "Rejoice!" the Christmas bells peal out. "Christ is born." Do you ask me to re-

joice over the birth of a child who will live in a world of pain and walk in sorrow and with bleeding feet over thorny paths? Then you and I should have rejoiced over the births of each and all of the scum of the world that have lived and died for us. We should rejoice whenever a toil-worn mother of the mills, gives birth to a child; for that child, like Jesus Christ, will live and die for us. We should be glad whenever the groans of a working class mother in travail comes up in the dirty tenements; for her child will live and die for us, just as its mother is living and dying for you and I. We should feast whenever an infant sees the light of the world in a gloomy slum; for that child, like Jesus, will walk always in darkness and in woe for you and I.

If we must worship those who suffer for us, then the City of Dunstan is holier than Jerusalem. Jerusalem had but one bleeding heart; Dunstan has forty thousand. There is more than one bright star over Dunstan tonight; there are thousands of stars above the mills and the hovels; Dunstan is holier than Bethlehem; Bethlehem had but one poor child, born to the crucified; Dunstan has many.

Years ago the rich believed that the scum, like other beasts of burden, had no souls. Many have given up that idea, having found the scum praying to the God that they, the rich, believed in. But J. P. Dunstan still clings to the belief that the scum are soulless beings, like his horses and his dogs. Indeed, the city of Dunstan, in the hands of this steel-hearted man, is a great kennel. John Dunstan is a representative citizen; he steals not only pennies from little children, but plucks the very heart out of them.

"He lives like a pimp—off the earnin' o' wimen," Joe Callahan, the weaver, used to say. "He's not a man; he's a wolf."

They killed Joe's wife, you know. Mary Callahan was lost in the strike two years ago. Annie Pelazzo was shot, too, along with Pedro Luzzi and two children. "Lost" is a good word. It is not as cruel as—the other word. The other makes me sick. Joe Callahan never used it. Even when he was crazy drunk—which was often, after the funeral—he used to say: "They took her." He would cry: "They took her away from me, they did, the terrible hounds. (hounds) May th' black black curse o' God light down on them!" Joe was a Belfast weaver, and had that thick north of Ireland brogue, which is so like the Scotch.

Let's go back one year. The mills where the people worked were ugly with dust and grease and sweat. In daylight, they looked like big barracks; at night they loomed up like fortresses. The offices were spotless, white and fresh. If you ever succeeded in getting inside, your feet will sink into the thick carpet, just as they would have done a year ago; and, as a year ago, you will see Dunstan and the other officials sitting in big leather chairs, surrounded by brilliant mahogany, desks, chairs, sideboards and so forth. If you have the dirt of the mills on you, my advice to you is this: never put your head inside of Dunstan's offices. You know the threats and curses that the workers have hurled at him. You know why he fears to walk through his own mills while the people are in them. He's afraid of the toilers today, just as he feared them a year ago. And if one dared to cross the threshold of his offices, his lackies would

pounce upon that venturesome one; if they did not kill him outright, they would beat him to within an inch of his life.

Harold, six years old, was Dunstan's only child, and the apple of his eye. In the afternoon he used to plead lispingly with his father on the 'phone for permission to come to the offices. He was a sweet child. Dunstan seldom refused his slightest wish. They would bring him in from Dunstan Villa in a big blue touring car, and let him play about the offices. In the offices, all the clerks and flunkies stood on their heads for the heir of Dunstan mills. He turned everything upside down, and scattered books and papers galley-west. But his most exasperating antic was a side-splitting joke to the people of the offices. I am speaking only of the offices in the "executive building"; there were other office buildings; I am speaking of Dunstan's lair. The child was burning with curiosity. In other words, he was still human. His father's conception of the people was not Harold's; he was but an unthinking child; only grown-up, thinking men can apply the word "scum" to a human being, and look upon the workers as beasts of burden. The world lay before the child, full of interest. He wanted to go out and investigate. He saw nothing wrong in the people. True, he had seen them only at long range; but they walked as he did, on two legs; they had ears and eyes and teeth the same as his father's. To Harold, the people were human beings, boys and girls, men and ladies. He did not know that there were many strange languages among them, nor that they came from countries over the sea. He did not know that these two facts, made them objects of scorn and malice to sovereign Americans. How could a child know that? He has to be taught these things by grown-up people. He has to be told that the scum of Europe are not related to Our Father, Who art in heaven. Terrible would it be if our children had to stand upon common ground with the scum of Europe, even before our Almighty God. The child did not know that the town upon which he looked was quivering and grumbling and snarling under his father's lash.

But Dunstan knew that. He knew that the people hated him and loathed all that was dear to him. The God of the churches had cried out in vain for nineteen hundred years that men should not demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. He knew that the peals of the Christmas bells, crying peace and goodwill in the name of Christ, had often been drowned by the people's cry for bread, mingled with the tramping of the master's soldiers and the crashing of the master's guns. Deep in his black heart, Dunstan knew what he was doing to other men's children. And he knew that the millenium-old call from the Mount that men turn the other cheek and make bare the breast to the offender has not been heeded through the ages. As wolves fight and hate those who would destroy their whelps, so men and women have fought the ravager and hated him since first Christ called for peace on earth; aye, long before that did men and women fight and hate the plunderer; far back in the ages, when the light of the world was young and dim and the earth was but a ripening thing, far back in the ages when man was a shaggy being, when

(Continued on page 4.)

A CONTRAST.

On Friday, December 13, I received two four-page papers, each purporting to represent the workers in the class struggle.

On page 1 of the first paper the slogan is: Debs' message to the capitalist courts: I am going to tell them to go straight to hell. On page 1 of the second paper: Direct action is Labor's weapon. Direct action will get the goods. The bold-face throughout this article are mine.

Articles on the first page of No. 1: Why The Appeal to Reason is attacked, and Why We Must Fight, covers nearly one-half page. The Capitalist Press on the Indictment—some papers very fair, others extremely vicious. This article covers the remainder of the page with quotations from the capitalist newspapers. Page 1 of the second paper contains the following reports from the fighters on the field of labor: Men Strike on Oregon Road. Southern Organizers Released until Trial. Merryville Lumber Workers Stand Firm. Free! By the Mighty Power of United Labor. South needs Organization. Textile Organizers Again Indicted. South Porcupine Miners Strike.

Further detailed comparison is superfluous. It is sufficient to say that the three remaining pages of the first paper, The Appeal to Reason, deals with the unfair reports of elections given by the capitalist press (any working class baby would take this for granted); letters from subscribers who send money and sympathy to the editors (one full page); Debs and Warren meet (one-third column); reports from congress, Mr. Wilson and the Pope; a column of "ifs," telling what you would get if Socialism were in operation; Girard, Kansas, storm center (one column). I forgot the advertisements. Among these are two on How to Learn Law at Home (compare with their slogan, How Reasonable!); A Christmas Suggestion, Buy The Call of the Carpenter (another Christ myth manufactured). Others are employment baits such as, Agents, \$23 a week, \$1500 a year; \$4 a day.

The second paper, The Industrial Worker, has no advertisements. The material in the remaining three pages of it may be classed under three heads: (1) The actual conditions of labor in the world today: (a) Does a Panic Impend? (b) International Bulletin of the Syndicalist Movement; (c) Report of the death of two workers due to accidents. (2) Satire and condemnation for false theories and false leaders of the workers: (a) Parrots and Politicians; (b) San Francisco Labor Council (False leaders and theory of organization); (c) Uncle Sam's Gum Shoe Brigade; (d) Mr. Block (a cartoon ridiculing the dunce who talks instead of acts to get his rights). (3) Reports of fighting for better conditions, encouragement and help for the fighters, and plans of new campaigns of unified direct action: (a) Telephone girls' walkout and victory; (b) Wake up, Lumber Workers; (c) Lima rebels need encouragement; (d) Detroit Workers aid strikers; (e) Alaska salmon packers (plan for better conditions).

Summing up, The Appeal to Reason (1) asks for money and encouragement for the editors of the paper and votes for politicians; (2) glorifies the leaders of the voters (what per cent of Workers vote?) (3) Gives no word of information about actual conditions of Workers, nor of their struggles to better the same, (postponed until we political Socialists are elected to office).

The Industrial Worker: (1) Asks for encouragement and money for the Workers who are striking for better conditions right now; (2) a Glorifies the strength of the United Workers, which has protected its honest leaders; (b) Scourges the false leaders who fleece the people; (3) Furnishes the Workers news of the world-wide labor war.

Workers, which do you choose: Political sham-action for you tomorrow, or industrial war by you today!

(Signed)

G. I. T.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

In the Civil War the Southern soldiers slowly came to realize that they were fighting not for their homes and their rights, but for human slavery. This was one great cause of their defeat. Cheer up! The enemies of the Workers today and their ignorant helpers are slowly learning that they are fighting for industrial slavery, prostitution, race degeneration and crime. Cheer up! Right makes might!

J. J.

SCUM

A CHRISTMAS TALE

By Thomas McConnell Jr.

(Continued from page 3.)

there was no Jerusalem, when men lived in caves, long, long ages before the hairless Christ was born, the mother and the father loved their young and menaced the destroyer. That, as Dunstan well knew, is the law of life.

So the master of the looms and spindles looked well to himself, and shuddered at the thought of his child walking among the people. When Harold came to the offices, the employees were told to watch him closely for fear that he might walk through the doors that led to the mills, or through the doors that led to the streets. If the boy approached a door that opened on the mills, a man would block the way, saying: "You must not go in there, Harold. It's dirty and full of nasty people. The boys and girls have horrid sores on their faces. They might put some of their disgusting sores on you. Then, what would your mother say? It's a noisy place, too. Listen."

And he would open the door and let in the roar of the mills, the din of the looms and spindles. And the heir would listen in wonder.

I don't like to think that a worker would have raised his hand against the child. But think of what Dunstan had done to ours. Want had driven pregnant mothers to his looms till the very day of the birth. Yes. The wombs of working class mothers had delivered their poor fruit on the dirty floors of the mills. (Ask me to prove this, gentlemen and ladies.) Mothers saw their children wasting away at the machines. Husbands saw their wives giving flesh and blood to the looms. There had been strikes. The thunder of galloping troops had shaken the ground. The rattle of musketry had been heard in the streets. And when they struck for more bread, the master of the looms called out to the watching world that they were the scum of Europe, lazy, dissolute, improvident foreigners, seeking to tell a sovereign American how he should run his business.

II.

On Christmas eve, a year ago, they brought the child to the offices, Dunstan had provided a little feast for the office force. There was wine, and boxes of chicken sandwiches, and candy for the ladies, and cigars for the men, Dunstan made a speech. There were answering speeches from the employees. And Charley Lowe, one of the managers, sang Auld Lang Syne in a silvery voice. Everybody shook hands with everybody else.

Suddenly a cry ran through the offices. The boy! Where was he? The merriment stopped. "He's not in the offices!" was the cry. "He's out!" they whispered to one another, as they hastened to to and fro. "He's gone," they whispered, white-faced. High and low, they looked, but the boy was gone. A door leading to the streets was open wide.

"The whistles," gasped Dunstan. "Stop them. Six o'clock!" Too late, man. As he spoke, the whistles blew. Six o'clock. Knock-off time. In a minute the scum of Europe poured out of the mills in black multitudes. The old were sullen and tired, as were the middle-aged; some of the young were laughing and skipping; others, what few we could see in that great throng, looked woeful. Dunstan's face was the color of chalk as he looked at them from his window—the people tramping to their cheerless homes on the eve of Christ's birth. There was that man Callahan and his boy; he had met them at the coroner's inquest a year ago. Antone Pelazzo was there, whose sister made trouble by getting killed. There was the famished multitude; some looked healthy; but many of the older people, men and women, were skinny, gaunt, wasted; and many of the children were diseased, emaciated, cadaverous.

"Out! Out! Every one!" yelled Dunstan. "Find my boy! Bring him back to me unhurt, or, by God some of you'll find new jobs!" Some went east through the crowd, some west, others north and south. And the people near the offices wondered what all the scurry was about.

Dunstan clambered at the phone. He called the police first.

"You know the scum that work in the mills. You read some of the terrible letters they sent me last year," he groaned. "Bring back my boy, Chief, and I'll make you rich. I offer five thousand dollars to the man who brings him back to me, and more than that to you."

The man was frantic. He made that plain by calling his wife.

"Lord have mercy!" she cried; and Dunstan heard no more.

He dropped into his big leather chair, exhausted, gasping, ghastly-white and trembling. The past came back and shook its grisly head at him. The past came back and showed him what he had done to the hearts of his fellow men. It was last year that spread before him. Then he had gazed through his office window, as he was looking now. Men, women and children clamored at his door for bread.

"Look at them," he said to Mr. Lowe. "Cattle from the slums of Europe. They live for their bellies—nothing else. What uncouth beasts they are."

As the people cried for food, the troops came down upon them on horse back.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Dunstan. "I knew the Governor would stand by me. I put \$10,000 into his campaign. A nice investment, eh, Lowe?"

The mob fell back before the soldiers. Some, the less agile ones, were knocked down by the prancing horses. Bricks were thrown. One crashed through an office window. The dapper young militia captain and several of his men were hit. The captain grew furious; so did his men.

"Yah," yelled Dunstan from his window. "Self-defense, Captain. Protect yourself."

Mother of Christ! They were preparing to fire! Run for your lives, people! They're going to fire on you! The mob stood its ground.

"Ready!" came the order. Hundreds of carbines clicked and clattered. "Aim!" The guns were leveled at the people. "Fire!"

The crash of the volley shook the floor under Dunstan's feet. A blinding cloud of smoke rose up, hiding the people from view. Wails, shrieks, cries of anguish came from behind the smoke. The smoke cleared. The mob was scattered; far away they stood. But some remained in the foreground with their dead and wounded. They had asked for bread; they were given steel Mausers. The snow, the terrible snow, that made the plight of the poor more awful, was stained with blood. Three little children lay motionless on the ground; they were light and easy to carry away, each a mere armful. It was more interesting to watch a shriveled old woman, trying to drag through the snow a heavy man; he was her son, no doubt; he was dead, apparently; he showed no signs of life; she held him by the arms, face upward, a limp heap, like a cold beef, and dragged him along, leaving a red trail in the snow, herself walking backward, raising her bony face every second and emitting a loud, piercing wail, like an old dog crying to the moon. A man along-side of her was stronger; he had a woman thrown over his shoulder; he sped away with her over the snow, as if she were a five-pound bag of meal. It was Callahan with his wife. Another man, the one nearest the soldiers, was not so hasty. After yelling into the ears of a girl that lay dead before him, as her white face indicated, he stood over the corpse and delivered a tirade in Italian, with many gestures, against the soldiers. Then he knelt once more beside the body and wet the ghastly face with his tears.

The scum was beaten back. Beaten back. The troops had them well in hand. The Governor was a square man. He was loyal to his friends. This was a white-man's town. That we would teach to the scum of Europe.

III.

Dunstan Villa was a beautiful place on the evening of Christ's birth. There was never a palace more brilliantly lighted. Through the windows of the great Red Room in the north wing, a Christmas tree stood. It was tall, broad and glowed with countless little candles of blue and of green; it glittered with tinsel and was weighed with costly toys. What a pleasing sight for a child! Around the huge white mansion, the north wind raced. It clamored for admittance at doors and windows now hissing, now howling, now whining, now muttering. But it found no flaw in Dunstan's house. The mansion, glittering like a palace with a thousand lights, laughed at the wind, even as Dunstan himself laughs at the wails of his fellow men. The wind swept and prowled over the glazed conservatories, grumbling its rage at the sight of summer's flowers, roses and delicate lilies, blooming in spite of winter. The fires in the red fireplace danced and hummed. But the wind laid violent hands on the black coal smoke as it came from the chimneys and hurled it to and fro, shrieking the while in triumph. In the big ranges of the kitchen, suckling pigs simmered, and young chickens, roast-

ing in wide pans, showed their brown breasts; Japan tea, in a big pot, sang rongs of comfort, and was impatient, like the chops and the toast, to go upstairs to the big table. But these good things gave up odors to the wind that lurked at the doors and windows, and the wind was enriched by them.

The wind glided 'round the house on a tour of investigation. Yo! Ho! What's this! Trouble in Madam's boudoir! Wild-eyed hysteria reigned there. And for every tick-tock from the clock on the wall that said, "ten minutes past six," there came a soul-racking sob from Madam. She was stretched on the bed, with her hair unloosened and sitting wild on her dainty shoulders. Half a dozen female servants fluttered around her, Antonette, the child's nurse, being foremost. The boy was lost in the streets, the terrible streets, the streets that were smeared with blood last year!

"Madam, a lil' wine?" purred Antonette, brushing aside the indignant maid, Lucille. "No wan weel hurt zat lil' chil'! Rid-deek-lous to zink, Madame. Soom sherry, Madame, jes' a lil' sherry. Who would touch zat lil' boy? No wan, Madame. Rid-deek-lous. See, Madame, I laugh. Ha! Ha! Rid-deek-lous. In lil' while La Font eoom home to ze Chreesmus tree. Don' weep, ma chere. You get seek."

The ride of the Christmas wind was a strange one. It came hooting down from the white mountains of the north. At a quarter past six it found the army of the mills on the homeward march. Down it swooped upon the scum of Europe, upon the Lithuanians, the Poles, the Jews, the Germans, the Slavs, the Italians, the French, the Portuguese, the Bohemians, the Syrians, the Scotch and the Irish; down it came upon Celt, Slav and Teuton. It blew its icy breath upon thinly-clad children, thinly-clad women and thinly-clad men. Down it raced and sought the spines of the overworked and underfed multitude.

"Heigh-ee-ee-ee!" it piped as it laid its cruel flails on the backs of the mob. "I come with Christ's message. I bring the word of God from heaven. Peace on earth and goodwill to all men. Heigh-ee-ee-ee!"

It swept through the miserable streets. It followed the scum of Europe through Dunstan. It went ahead of the mob and entered their hovels, blowing through cracked walls and broken windows. It blew soot out of thousands of cold chimneys; it searched thousands of bare cupboards.

"Haugh-gh-gh-gh!" it snarled again in the streets. "Ye have no meat! Ye have no wine! Ye will hold no feast on the birth of Christ! Heigh-ee-ee-ee! And I say to you mothers that the whimperings of your children will make poor music. And I say to you men that the sobs of your mothers will make miserable music. And I say to you men that the tears of your wives and babies will make doleful offerings. Haugh-gh-gh-gh!"

IV.

The wind was rioting through Linden alley, when the Callahans, Joe, the father and Tommy, the son, reached that thoroughfare. Joe was a lean man, wasted and bent from weaving; he had the black eyes, the black hair and dark brows of the North of Ireland. Tommy was 12 years old, pale, stunted, dull-witted, morose, silent. Who knows how many times they had trod this homeward way from the mills. The boy began when he was 7; his father was at it long before Tommy was born. There were Mary and Joe for many years, trudging back and forth twice a day. Tommy joined them, and they were three. Mary dropped out last year, and now the Callahans were two.

The two walked along in silence to No. 45, a tumbledown cottage that might have been built fifty years ago, and left without a lick of paint till now. It was quite dark when they reached the steps; the elder Callahan almost walked upon a little child sitting there alone. He bent over and looked at the child. An ejaculation escaped him, and he straightened up suddenly. It was the heir of Dunstan mills. Callahan knew him well; he had seen him often in the big blue touring car; he knew him as well as he knew Mrs. Dunstan; aye, as well as he knew Dunstan himself. After they plucked the heart out of him last year, he used to lurk around the offices all day watching, watching; he could not work; for weeks he divided his time between the offices and Dunstan Villa, until one day, while prowling about the grounds of Dunstan's house, wild with liquor, the police came, seized him, and found in his coat pocket

a loaded gun. He served three months for that; and while he was away, they tried to lock Tommy up in an asylum for homeless children. Tommy roamed the streets then like a stray dog.

Joe shifted his eyes from the child of Dunstan to his own boy, and gazed narrowly at Tommy, who was glaring stupidly at the little stranger.

"D'ye know him, lad?" asked Joe, speaking with unwonted eagerness, to the surprise of Tommy.

"Me! Naw. Never seen him before. Who's he?"

"I axed ye if ye knew him, an' ye ax me the same question, as if I knew anny more then yerself." The man spoke hoarsely, his voice full of agitation. "Run in an' light th' fire, Tommy. He's a lost child; I'll fetch him in an' likely wull get some money fer bringin' him home."

Tommy clattered up the steps, paying little attention to the Dunstan child, who was very much interested in both Joe and Tommy.

Joe looked up and down the street. It was deserted.

"Whut brought ye here?" asked he in a voice that was not unkind, but grim and stern.

"I walked by myself," lisped the child, timidly. "I should like to go home now. My name is—"

"Niver min' that," Joe interrupted hurriedly. "I know. I know't." And he looked around furtively in fear that some one might be listening.

"Doth you live here?"

"Yus."

"It lookth 'like the old witch's houseth in my story bookth. My papa's houseth ither bigger."

"I know't. Yer father's house is better'n mine."

"Doth you know my papa?"

"No man knows him better'n me, sonny."

"Doth you love him 'like I do, and mamma?"

Joe glared long at the child before answering; then in a queer voice, he said:

"Yus. I have gud reason to love him."

He grinned devilishly. "He's done a lot fer me an' mine. Niver a—"

"Merry Christmas, Joe," piped a squeaky voice at his elbow. "D'you want a paper t'night?" It was Old Annie, the newspaper pedler.

"G'way! G'way! I want no paper, woman," he snarled, stepping before the child to shield it from the hag's sight. "G'wan. I've narithin' to gie ye."

The man's fierce mein was frightening. After striving for a glimpse of what he was shielding on the steps, the old woman limped away, shaking her hoary head and muttering.

Some mill folk then appeared at the head of the street to the north.

"Wull ye come into me house, sonny?" whispered Joe softly, very softly. He grasped the soft white hand of Dunstan's child. "Come in an' play wid my bhoys, an' after supper I'll take ye t' yer mudther."

He raised the little fellow up and carried him in his arms up the steps.

"But you must take me home to my papa an' mamma soon—very soon. They'll got me a big Christmas tree."

"I wull. I wull that," muttered Joe, passing into the house.

Before Joe was in the house ten minutes, Tommy was staring at him in amazement, and listening to him with surprise. Some great change had come over him.

The old even, listless voice with which Tommy was so familiar was gone. At times he spoke in wheedling tones which were entirely foreign to his nature. At times his voice was hard, cold, grim. At times he snarled like a dog over a bone. And his grin, his icy grin—a mirthless thing that showed his stained teeth—was terrible to see. The man was all a-tremble at times; once, when he lifted the lid of the stove, his hand shook as if palsied.

And at other times, especially when facing the strange child, he was calm and steady. But not once did he look squarely into the little stranger's face; not once did he look into his eyes. He leered at him; he looked at him with sidelong glances.

For a while the child was quiet, appalled by the strangeness of the place. Gradually he brightened up. He followed Tommy to the rear of the house, and wanted to help him chop wood. He gambled through the gloomy house, making it ring with laughter. Laughing and shouting, he skipped through the rooms, coming back to the kitchen again and again and tugging and poking the taciturn Tommy. He laughed in the kitchen at the cracked and crazy stove, which was

ancient and rusty, like most of the goods of the Callahans. He poked his chubby fingers through the holes in the dirty white plastering. He gazed in wonder at the few rickety chairs; one had but three legs; one had a big crack in the seat; a third had two rungs gone from the front. But the strangest thing of all was the man busying himself about the stove and about the kitchen like a housewife.

The house had three rooms, kitchen, parlor and bedroom, each opening on the other, the street door opening on the parlor. The bed in the middle room was very old; indeed it was old when Mary Callahan bought it second-hand eight years ago; it was a high affair; you could see the rusty springs under it, and the thick dust beneath; its legs were spraddling outward, and its tall head, made in the shape of a Roman arch, almost touched the ceiling and leaned inward precariously. The bedclothing was strewn about in wild disorder; it was plain that this house had no wife. A bureau, near the bed, was a wierd affair. If you touched on the end nearest the parlor it would tilt inward in an alarming way; you would think it was going to fall on you; but when you released it, it would fall back again. One of the rollers was missing. Mary used to keep it propped up with wedges of wood, the wedges that she made with her own hands had long since been lost away beneath the bureau, and neither Joe nor Tommy took the trouble of fishing them out. The looking-glass in it was cracked, showing where Joe struck it during one of his many sprees after she was lost. The hair sofa in the parlor was a queer thing, too. For several years Tommy slept there. When his mother left the big bed in the next room, Tommy took her place alongside of Joe. The sofa reminded one of the back of a cur dog troubled with mange. The hair was worn off completely in many places showing the dirty cloth beneath. It was full of holes, out of which the stuffing protruded like hoary whiskers. The whitewashed wall against which it stood was soiled and stained, showing where Tommy used to breathe with his face to the wall and rub his perspiring hands over it in the summer. The floor was bare. There were pictures on the wall, cheap, black and white prints, with verses underneath, evidently gotten up for Irish eyes. One showed a girl at a spinning wheel, with this written below:

"Ah, sweet Kitty O'Neal, rise up from your wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning.
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree—
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning."

Another showed the interior of a cabin in Ireland, with a young couple sitting by a fireplace, gazing at the fire. Beneath it: "Sweet Norah, come here and look into the fire.
Maybe in its embers good luck we might see;
But don't come too near, or your glances so shining
Will put it clean out like the sunbeams, machree."

"Just look twixt the sods, where so brightly they're burning;
There's a sweet little valley with rivers and trees—
And a house on the bank, quite as big as the Squire's—
Who knows but some day we'll have something like these?"

Was that the yearning of Mary and Joe, I wonder—yearning for a home?

A third picture showed a full rigged barkue, sailing out of a harbor; it was an immigrant ship, and below—

"The breezes whistled through the sails,
O'er Galway Bay the ship was leaving;
And smothered groans and bursting wails
Told all the pain and grief of leaving."

And a fourth picture showed an Irish landscape; it was labeled "Brosna's Banks." Beneath it:

"Yes, yes, I jilled many an hour—
(O, would that I could idle now,
In wooing back the withered flower
Of health into my wasted brow),
But from my life's o'ershadowing close,
My unimpassioned spirit ranks
Among its happiest moments those
I idled on the Brosna's Banks."

(Continued on our next issue.)

SOMETHING GOOD NEXT WEEK

Our next issue will contain:

Continuation of McConnell's story;

The Infamous Card Rustling System of Butte, Montana;

Several articles for lumber workers;

Good Editorials and Current Comment;

Mr. Block's strenuous search for a job runs several weeks;

Good cartoons. Strike scene telegrams.

Don't miss an issue.

A MIRACLE IN DIXIE.

By Covington Hall.

And it came to pass that a miracle happened in the land of Dixie, forasmuch on the morning of a red day three Clans of Toil awakened from an hard superstition and the Anglo-Americans and the Afro-Americans and the Mexic-Americans arose and gathered together around the council fire, and men arose from among them, speaking after this manner:

"Children of Labor, wherein are we of different races! Why fight we each other over an superstition, we who have all things in common and have a world to gain by so recognizing? We do an foolish thing in fighting one against the other. Yeal we do so to our great injury, for the Boss taketh advantage thereof and compeleth us to make bricks without straw and likewise he putteth us into a stockade; yea, he catcheth us coming and going and he skineth us to the limit; he sendeth us into the forests to get a commissary living with a cross-cut saw and he maketh our days too short upon the earth, for he driveth us to the eleventh hour, yea! even unto the twelfth hour, and he sendeth our bones to the potters field and he consigneth our souls to peonage. Why stand we for it, seeing that without our labor nothing is, and that, once united, we hold the earth and the fullness thereof in the hollow of our hand? We be not three Races. That is but an superstition. We are but three Clans of the House of Work and should be one Race, in our Mother Labor. Now, therefore, let us Unite, we the Race of Toilers, and go up against the Boss in One Big Union, and verily, verily, we say unto you, the Boss will come across." And the people, hearing them patiently, said: "That ye have spoken soundeth like it will get the goods: even as ye have said, so let us do. Might is Right." And so it came to pass that they all, the three Clans, arose as one, girded up their loins and went forth to do battle, the Race of Toilers against the Race of Spoilers. Now, when the Race of Spoilers heard of this miracle, it so happened that they were astonished and could not believe their ears, so, sending for the Soothsayers, they saith unto them: "Tell us, we adjure thee, if this evil hath come to pass, if it be true the Clans of Toil have United into One Big Union, forasmuch if it be so, ye have been false to our fathers' faith and society is in great danger." To which the Soothsayers answered, saying: "It is true, O Masters, the impossible has happened, but blame us not. We were wearied by sixty centuries of labor well performed. We slept but a single night, yet in that one night, woe is us, certain evil men, called agitators, stole among the people whispering the watchword of the cursed, rebellious sons of Lucifer, 'Solidarity and freedom,' and, in the morning when we awoke and went about our work to morphine them as usual, the people met us, saying: 'Go to, ye fatheads; wait until the next election and eat your pie in the sky yourself, and drink your own platitudes; as for us we are tired of canned bull and bottled bunco; come across with the porter-house and champagne, or shut up. Go to, and tell it to the Lumber Kings, ye fatheads! Wire it to Weyerhaeuser, 'phone it unto Downman, prophesy it to Long and shoot it into Kirby, we will be peon-slaves no more!' 'Thus, O mighty Bosses, spake the people called Lumberjacks and, woe is us, we know not what to do. We thinketh the world is coming to an end, for, not only hath this Tribe rebelled, but the Tribe called the Tenant Farmers, which occupied the country lying 'round and about the territory of the Lumberjacks, is also in an exceeding ugly and rebellious mood, O Bosses."

Now, therefore when Bosses heard this calamity they were exceeding wroth and swore many sulphurous oaths, and likewise they did curse the Soothsayers a good and plenty, and the Soothsayers were sore distressed and went off saying one to the other: "If the Bosses find out that people have gotten onto us, woe is us, for we will be in overalls even before the Bosses." And they went unto the Temple and the Capitol and did sit down in sackcloth and ashes, mourning that the good old days of our fathers were no more.

Then did the Bosses gather themselves together, and they did form an Association with a Texas Jackass as the head thereof, and they said: "The Soothsayers are worth no more a damn to us, therefore let us send for our servant Burns, the great Defective, and let us see if he cannot spy out this thing for us, for it is said that he in the original Big Sensation and hath, what we are badly in need of, some brains; and let us also, brethren, (said

the great apostle from Kansas City) send our agents provocators out into the sinholes of society, Commanding them to gather together the lowest degenerates therein, and let them be armed with pumpguns and rifles and magazine pistols, and let them be commissioned, so that all the murders they may commit may be done in an lawful and legal manner, and let them be sent into the territory of the Lumberjacks to keep the peace while our servants Burns and Pujo are greasing the gallows, for these Lumberjacks are an exceeding dangerous people, belonging to the Godless I. W. W. Nation, which is even now endangering the soul of the working class by inciting it to demand porterhouse steaks and champagne here instead of milk and honey in the sky, which is blasphemy against the Grafts and Profits, anarchistic, unconstitutional and irreligious. Brethren, if our grafts and profits and the souls of the Lumberjacks are to be saved, the Union must be destroyed." And the assembled Banditti, being of one accord, it was so ordered, and the Jackass and the Apostle went forth to bray and to pray. Whereat the Nation of the Godless did give them the horse-laugh, yea! they did ha ha at "impartial justice," and they did swat the gallows greasers in the solar plexus, and they did cap the climax on "law and order" by bucking the Santa Fe at Merryville, and did add socialism to anarchy by invading the Sultanate of John Henry, and in many other ways likewise did they get off the "civilized plane" of "section six", article 4-11-44, and raise sabotage, syndicalism and sheol in Dixie, "for," they said, "Blessed are the Strong for they shall inherit the earth, even if they do lose a peon's soul."

Let the Jackass bray and the Apostles pray, but the world hath seen a miracle in Dixie.

WHO WANTS A JOB?

"Canadian Prosperity at a Glance" should be the heading of the notice recently posted for the slaves of the Riverside Lumber Co. at McGillivray, B. C. The following notice shows the foundation for the capitalistic claim that the employers advance money for wages and therefore profit is not robbery:

RIVERSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED
Manufacturers and Dealers in Rough and Dressed Lumber, Railway and Mining Ties, Mining Timber and Props, Piling, Fence Posts, Etc.
McGillivray, B. C.
NOTICE.

To whom it may concern: Take notice that on and after December 1st, 1912, the regular monthly payday will be suspended and all the men employed in connection with our camps and logging operations during the period commencing December 1st, 1912, will be paid for their services on the 1st day of May, 1913. Should any person leave the company's service or be discharged before May 1st, 1913, they will be paid with time checks payable on that date, namely May 1st, 1913.

The company, of course, undertakes to furnish board and commissary supplies during the period mentioned to all employees, to the extent of the amount due them for services rendered.

The wages to be paid in connection with ordinary work and logging operations during the winter months will be from \$2.25 to \$2.75 per day, excepting in special instances where other rates of wages are specified and specifically agreed upon.

We are anxious to keep our men employed and our camps in operation during the winter but, owing to the demoralized and unsatisfactory condition of the lumber trade, we cannot continue to operate except under conditions above mentioned, so that all those who wish to continue in our employ are requested to sign an agreement at the company's office next Saturday night or before; and to work on the above mentioned basis.

There will be a payday on December 15th for work done up to the 11th of November, and a payday on January 15th, 1913, for work done up to December 1st, 1912, and no more paydays after that until May 1st, 1913.

RIVERSIDE LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED.
McGillivray Branch.

Read also the agreement forced upon the men in another Canadian mill. It is time to organize. The cockroach capitalists who have not the ability to stand the competitive struggle want the workers to bear the hardships. They never share their prosperity, however.

AGREEMENT

I hereby agree to work for The Jewell Lumber Co., Limited, at such work and rate of wages as may be agreed upon between myself and the Company's foreman, with the understanding that all wages earned between the 4th of December, 1912, and 1st of May, 1913, will be paid by the Company's Time Check due May 1st, 1913.

I further agree to accept the Company's Time Check for the balance due me for each month's work, after deducting Board, Stores, Hospital Fee and other current advances. Said Time Check to be payable May 1st, 1913.

I also agree to give satisfactory service at whatever work I undertake to do and that in the event of the foreman considering my services unsatisfactory he may discharge me, and I agree to accept the Company's Time Check, payable May 1st, 1913, in full settlement.

Signed:

Witness:



Lumberjack's Shaak in Louisiana

LITTLE BABES OF TOIL

My Mrs. G. L. Wolfe.

Over the cradle of every child, born of working parents, hovers the terrible black spectre of the sweatshops and factories. It hangs o'er the new-born babe and envelops it in its life-destroying power. Alas! all to well it knows the fate in store for the little one as soon as it is old enough to work.

Into the foul air of the factory, the stifling atmosphere of the shop; shut out from the bright sunlight, the green grass and fragrant flowers; away from the song of the wild birds, the beauty of the woods, from everything that tends to make life happy and glad. Bound to the work bench by the fetters of capitalism, forged stronger than the chains that fastened the galley slaves to the deck of the vessel, in the heat of battle. What a terrible blot upon our boasted civilization that we are forced to put the babes to work and must live off of their hearts' blood. We are worse than the savages and heathen, and we call ourselves Christianized!

Terrible statistics inform us that "employers in this country have put 2,600,000 children less than 16 years old in mills, mines, factories and messenger service. Of the 80,000 children in the textile mills, 20,000 are less than 12 years old, and in those mills yearly about 100 baby hands are cut off by machinery. In the glass factory there are 7,500 children, in sawmills 8,000, and in cigar factories 12,000 children handle cigars at the rate of 8 cents per 1,000. This is a sad commentary on modern civilization."

So we exploit the babes, the fairest gifts sent into the home. Think of it! Little dimpled hands crushed and mangled, tender limbs torn apart, human sacrifices on the altar of Greed to the Dollar. Little children taken from the home, and from a mother's loving arms, placed in factories and sweatshops, forced to work ten hours daily in stifling mills; the tiny hands so tired, the wee heads always aching from the fearsome noise.

Little hands of the child slave, how they cling to us with pleading touch! Little childish forms, how they gather round—hungering just to play! Worn, pathetic faces with sad eyes imploring us to help! So let us unite under the standard of peace and love, the ensign that once was snowy white, but now its fair purity is dyed a crimson hue, with the life blood of the victims of labor, it is stained with the bleeding fingers of the child worker, and soiled with the tears of widows and orphans. Under its regime will vanish slavery and subjection of women and children, and the terrible atrocities of the present system of society and man shall liberate himself from the thrall of capitalism; so shall the home be preserved and the little ones come into their rightful heritage of freedom and plenty!

AGITATION BUREAU A SUCCESS

The Industrial Union Agitation Bureau formed by the general office has been in operation a little over a month and has already proven a success. It not only brings good speakers to different localities but also boosts the circulation of the press.

In Pittsburg, Pa., the locals of the I. W. W. secured Fellow Worker Haywood through the Bureau, hired the largest theatre in the city, the Lyceum Theatre, charged no admission and came out over \$60.00 ahead after all expenses were paid.

In Chicago, Ill., local No. 85 secured Haywood on the subscription basis and charged 25c admission to the lecture, including a three-months' subscription to either Solidarity or "Industrial Worker." The hall was filled, several dollars in literature sold and a collection for future propaganda of \$17.00 was taken up.

From Philadelphia word comes of a monster meeting to be held for Ettor and Giovannitti. Over 4,000 tickets already disposed of prior to the meeting. From the West, Los Angeles sends an order for 1,000 subscription card tickets and Tacoma a like order for Haywood meetings.

In Peoria, Ill., a few fellow workers, having no connection with any local union, have arranged a big Haywood meeting and prospects are bright for organizing two or three industrial locals as the result of the distribution of literature and subscriptions.

The secret of success in all of these meetings is that the ones arranging the meetings went into the fight with enthusiasm and energy. They secured large halls, advertised the meetings and then hustled to sell the subscription card tickets. They were not satisfied with merely selling enough to get the speaker but sold many in excess at the meeting. When accounting was made they found that not only had there been a successful meeting and several hundred subscriptions gained for the paper but there was also a good profit for local propaganda purposes.

Then again, the speakers that the Industrial Union Agitation Bureau are putting on the road all have great ability and drawing power. Read the list. Do not these look like full houses:

William D. Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Joseph J. Ettor, Arturo Giovannitti and J. P. Thompson.

With such speakers and with such a universal interest in industrial unionism there can be no question but successful meetings will be held if the membership do their share of the work. To get the best results the locals should notify the Bureau whether they accept a date as soon as possible after receiving communication. By doing this the routes of speakers can be worked out at once and locals may carry on their advertising campaign that much sooner.

Haywood is now on his way to California. Ettor will start west in about a month. Flynn and the others will be out on routes soon. Now is the time to boost. A boost means more subscribers for our papers, members for our organization and strength and power for us. Are you with us?

Send all communications regarding date, terms and other information to Industrial Union Agitation Bureau, room 307, 164 W Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

SYSTEMATIZATION OF CONSTRUCTIVE WORK

By Ralph V. Chervinski.

Amongst many other things suggested to its members, the last annual convention of the I. W. W. pointed out the sore need of a better system for our propaganda work amongst the outsiders. Not without reasons.

To carry the propaganda, only three things are needed: The incentive, the instrument, and the material. The incentive is ever present. It is the class struggle. The locals and the members are the instrument, a not class-conscious slave—the material.

But to carry out the propaganda so that it would become effective and lasting, it is also necessary that our instruments be sharp and in good condition; that our locals and members should proceed in a systematic way. The effectiveness of propaganda largely, if not solely, depends upon it. The more systematically we proceed, the better effect our agitation will produce. And in order to proceed in that way we are absolutely in need of having a system among ourselves. Have we got it? Let us see.

When we cast a retrospective glance upon our locals, the very centers and instruments of the agitation work, we will find that, so far as constructive make-up of the locals themselves is concerned, the system and the method are entirely lacking. Here we must on no account confuse the agitation work with the constructive work. The latter covers quite distinct ground. It appertains solely to the local itself, to the secretary, to the trustees, various committees, the rank and file, and especially to the systematic and specified relations which they bear to one another. At the present time such systematic relations do not exist. Everything goes topsy-turvy—trusting to blind luck and chance.

Such helter-skelter could be excused in the organization in its incipient stage—a condition which made it difficult to so place ourselves as to be most useful to the organization, without any waste of energy or friction. But now, when it is obvious that the I. W. W. is developing into a formidable organization, such total absence of defined method in our constructive work can no longer be ignored. The present unsystematic constructive work of our locals is such that we are finding the members of one committee imposing on the members of another by dabbling their hands in one another's prescribed work or by neglecting their duties entirely. This imposition is, perhaps, done with unconscious sincerity in the former case, or entire apathy in the latter. It nevertheless produces waste of energy and causes friction, and the result is "a bum job" in either case.

There is only one way to do away with such "a bum job," and that is to systematize the constructive work of our locals. Sooner or later we will have to do it. There must be a system to it, and there is a system.

The members who are nominated for various offices and committees should accept the nomination only when fully confident of their competence and ability to discharge their duties. They should never accept office without knowing positively what the duties are. Once elected, they should never meddle with the work of the committees they don't belong to, but should attend to their own duties only.

The above suggestions are not theories. They were once, but became facts based upon experience during a strike. It works. Each committee performs its work automatically with perfect autonomy pre-

served. Each committee selects one of its ranks to act on the Executive Board, which sums up the work of committees performed, independently of each other and yet in harmony.

Once our locals systematize their constructive work so that everything shapes itself into a definite outline, then we shall be bound to have a greater advantage in our propaganda work amongst the outsiders, the much desired "homeguard" included. As it is now, it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to apply any successful system to the agitation work without having any system in our own constructive make-up, from which the agitation work emanates.

AID ARGENTINE'S ACITATORS

For several years the rebels in Buenos Ayres, Argentine, have struggled against violent oppression on the part of the employers and the civic authorities. Being isolated from the rest of the world and facing a press that suppresses all mention of labor troubles they feel compelled to ask the workers elsewhere to give them assistance.

In order to revive the spirits of the revolutionists and also to lighten the load of oppression it is asked that January 5 be set aside as Argentine Day. As the governors of Argentine are extremely proud of the name of their alleged republic it is thought that meetings all over the world will have a good effect.

Among other brutalities is the enforcing of the "Social Defense" law and each local is asked to observe January 5 by holding a meeting and forwarding condemnatory resolutions to the Governor of Argentine. Remember January 5.

WHAT NEXT?

Mr. Block has lost his job. For the next few weeks he will hunt a master. His experiences will be recorded by our artist, Fellow Worker Ernest Riebe.

When Mr. Block met other scabs and also when he invested his savings we caught him on post cards. You can get the two kinds now. They are 50 cents a hundred. You will want some. Order now.

PERISH PATIENCE!

"For when a poor man's son needs, it must be said, Become a convict to obtain his bread; When a poor man's daughter, to obtain a crust, Must fall a victim to a rich man's lust,— Then perish patience! Angels, shut your eyes! Come, conflagration! light the outraged skies! Let red Nemesis seize the hellish clan, And chaos end the slavery of man!"

Will William B. Yates please write to his sister, Mrs. W. F. Everett Jr., 2217 Berlin street, New Orleans, La.

Local 439, I. W. W., Box 485, Brawley, Cal., has mail for Hugh McCullon, F. G. Mooney, Aurelio Gomes, Frank Frobert. The card of James Mulligan has been found between Holt-vill and El Centro. Owner can obtain same by writing to above address.

THE WAGE WORKER.

The Wage Worker, is the latest I. W. W. paper to appear. It is in Hungarian and fills a long felt want. Three papers appear twice each month, on the 1st and 15th. The address is 435 E. 72nd Street, New York City. All who come in contact with Hungarian speaking wage slaves should agitate for and help to spread the paper. The price is \$1 per year, 50c for 6 months. Every local should subscribe for a copy for their reading room.

"A Pyramid of Capitalism" poster would look well in your room. They are 15 cents.

N. I. U. of T. W., No. 157, I. W. W., meets in Phelan hall, 45 Delano street, New Bedford, Mass., on the last Wednesday in the month. J. S. Biscay, secretary.

Subscribe for the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER."

Thirteen week sub cards save bookkeeping, protect the purchaser, agent and paper, and make subscriptions easy to get. Five for a dollar. Send now.

I. W. W. Publishing Bureau

TEN-CENT PAMPHLETS

"Patriotism and the Worker." By Gustave Hervé. 32 pages, 5c to local unions in quantity.
"Eleven Blind Leaders." By B. H. Williams. 32 pages, 5c to local unions in quantity.
"The I. W. W.: Its History, Structure and Methods." By Vincent St. John. 34 pages, 5c to local unions in quantity.

FIVE-CENT PAMPHLETS

"Why Strikes Are Lost and How to Win." By Wm. E. Trautmann. 34 pages, 3c to local unions in quantity.
"The Farm Laborer and the City Worker." By Edward McDonald. 16 pages. 2 1/2c to local unions in quantity.

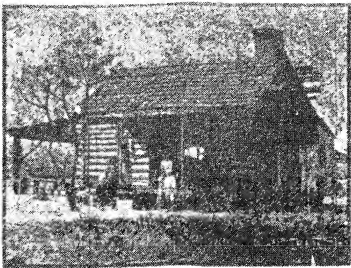
FOUR-PAGE LEAFLETS.

15c per 100, \$1.25 per 1000.
"Is the I. W. W. Anti-Political?" By Justus Elbert.
"Political Parties and the I. W. W." By Vincent St. John.

"Getting Recognition." By A. M. Storton.
"Two Kinds of Unionism." By Edward Hammond.
"Appeal to Wage Workers, Men and Women." By E. S. Nelson.

"Union Scabs and Others." By Oscar Ameringer.
"War and the Workers." By Walker C. Smith.

Any of the above may be ordered from the I. W. W. Publishing Bureau, Box 412, New Castle, Pa.



Lumberjack's Shack in Louisiana

KNOW THE TRUTH.

Honorable Luther E. Hall,
Governor of Louisiana,
Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Your Excellency:

It is written: "Know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Bound up in every great struggle for human liberty there is a struggle on the part of the old order to suppress the truth as against the struggle of the rebellious order to bring it into the light of open day. When a system of society reaches the point where it can exist only by a suppression of the truth, that system of society must be revolutionized or the human race must enter a period of degradation out of which it can come only through agonies of blood. He who would suppress the truth is a tyrant; he who will not defend it, an enemy of society; he who will not speak it, a coward; he who will not hear it, a slave. Therefore, your excellency, I propose to tell you, and through you The World, the truth regarding the struggle that has been waged for more than two long years now between the Lumber and Forest Workers' Union on one side and the Southern Lumber Operators' Association on the other.

Birth of the Struggle.

As your Excellency must be aware, if you know the industrial history of your state, have been called by destiny to occupy the office of Governor of this State in the hour when the fruit of the sins of our fathers was ripening unto rottenness, for, as a matter of historic fact, this struggle between the Union and Association originated much longer back than two years ago. All this bitter strife did not begin when the first local of the Union was organized at Carson, La., on the 3d day of December, 1910. Back of that act of the workers stretch long, long years of gruelling exploitation coupled with a merciless and iron-handed suppression of every protest made by them, the Workers. The roots of this present war, your Excellency, are to be found in the wholesale and fraudulent alienation of our public forests by past administrations, by the traitorous dissolution of the people's common wealth into private property, by which tens of thousands of workers were reduced to that bitterest of all slaveries, industrial peonage, and out of which arose as irresponsible and conscientiousless a government as ever existed—a government of the people, by overseers, gunmen and detectives, for the alien landlords of industry. Under this system whole towns and counties have been reduced to utter and complete vassalage to the Lumber Trust. The Associations will, acting through its managers, executed by its gunmen, is the supreme and only law in the timber belt today. Under this system burden after burden was piled on the backs of workers, oppression added to oppression and insult unto injury. Out of such a condition rebellion sprang as naturally and legitimately as explosion follows the sealing of all the safety valves on a boiler.

Birth of the Revolt.

The first revolt of the Lumber and Forest Workers occurred in the autumn of 1907, when, taking advantage of the panic of that year, for which the capitalists and not the workers were to blame, the "Captains" of the industry issued orders cutting wages 25 per cent or more and lengthening the already killing hours of toil. Against these orders the workers rose en masse and by a spontaneous strike closed hundreds of mills. A few unimportant concessions and many promises were made to them and they went back to work, failing to organize. The grafts, exactions and tyrannies multiplied; the cost of living rose on a declining wage, effect followed cause, the natural happened, and the workers again rebelled.

Birth of the Brotherhood.

On the 3d day of December, 1910 the organization known as the Brotherhood of Timber Workers was born at Carson, La., and spread over eastern Texas and western Louisiana like a prairie fire. Instead of dealing with their employees and treating with them as though they were human beings, instead of inquiring into the causes of the revolt and seeking to remedy them, the Lumber Kings hurriedly got together, reorganized the Southern Lumber Operators' Association, which is "Southern" in name only, and proclaimed a war of extermination on the Union. In other words, they ordered their managers to abrogate the law of economic determinism; they repeated the folly that exiled Diaz, that overthrew the Manchus and annihilated the Republican Party. Well



WRECK ON LOGGING ROAD NEAR BANDON, ORE. NOVEMBER 25, 1912.

The above photograph shows the greed of those thieves who have stolen the forests, filched the bread from the tables of the poor, and forced a life of slavery upon the loggers in the Northwest camps and mills.

The high trestle on the Sealey and Anderson logging road, near Bandon, Ore., at Bills Creek, a tributary of the Coquille river, collapsed on the morning of Nov. 25. A logging train with its crew on board plunged to the bottom of the canyon, 110 feet below.

James McDowell, Orlen L. Wright and Smith were instantly killed. Guy Rose and Umphries died in great agony the next day, and Atkins gave up the struggle the day following. Of Rol Anderson the doctors say, "He has no chance."

The wrecked train was reported to be the first to attempt to cross the trestle. Many experienced loggers shook their heads when they saw the flimsy structure. A well known bridge carpenter was heard to remark shortly before the accident, "I wouldn't drive a wheelbarrow over that bridge." But logs are worth more than

and truly did Edwards Bellamy speak when he said: "No ruling class in the history of the world ever learned anything from its predecessors and the capitalist class will be no exception to that rule." The Association's first act of war was the proclamation of a lockout in 40 or 50 mills. This lockout became effective in July, 1911, and lasted until January and February, 1912. It was an effort, enforced with pitiless severity, to starve the rebellious workers back into the old degrading submission. During the long winter months it was on, thousands of workers, men, women and children, were reduced to the direst extremity of want, hundreds living toward the last on meals that consisted of only cornbread and molasses, and all this misery the Association attempted to lay on the Union. The lockout failed. With the reopening of the mills a rebellious Lazarus still faced Dives and re-challenged his right to lock the doors of life and liberty on the forest proletarians of the South. In answer the Association blacklisted hundreds of men and hounded them from state to state; forced all men applying for employment in the industry to fill out an application blank Nero would have been ashamed to use and to take an anti-union oath that made him, if observed, a traitor to himself, his family and his class. These mild methods also failing to accomplish its purpose, the destruction of the Union, the Association rushed an army of gunmen and detectives recruited from the lowest depths of society into the district, men to whom rioting is a pastime and murder a trade, and began the saturnalia of violence that reached its climax in a series of terroristic acts the worst of which began with the breaking up of the Union's meeting held on the public road at Carson on July 24, 1912, by a mob

loggers to the lumber thieves, so six more men were murdered for the glory of the Almighty Dollar.

The trestle was over 500 feet long. Another one similar to it is on the same road and will probably collect its death toll before long. The road was built by the Dollar Company of San Francisco, Cal. It runs from Prosper into the interior country. Prosper and Dollar! What appropriate names in which to murder wage workers.

Profits will be sacred, safeguards will be neglected, loggers will be cheap and easily bought through the employment sharks, just so long as the lumber industry remains unorganized. The cost of logs in human blood will grow less only when the lumber workers organize into One Big Union and have their own committee examine all structures and guard against all accidents.

Organize! Lumber Worker, Organize! Demand a man's life for every worker in the camps and mills. Unite! Freedom awaits you when solidarity is gained. Join the I. W. W. today!

led by mill managers and deputy sheriffs and composed of superintendents, foremen, gunmen and commissary and office employees of the Long-Bell and Central Coal & Coke Companies, which was followed by the attempted assassination of H. G. Creel at Oakdale, La., on July 6th, for having exposed the methods of Association in "The National Rip-Saw;" by the massacre of Grabow on July the 7th, and the arrest, indictment, imprisonment and trial of Emerson and 57 other working men and farmers on charges of "murder in the first degree," this though the same grand jury that indicted them released all the mill owners and their gunmen who were implicated in the Grabow "riot" and found "No true bill" against John Williams, the self-confessed would-be assassin of Creel, and this same grand jury "exonerated" the deputy sheriffs who killed Charles Smith, though eye witnesses state that they called on him to throw up his hands and fired on him in the same instant, and then went out of its way to give the sawmill companies a clean bill of health, industrially, politically, socially and otherwise. But still "impartial justice" was not satisfied, for, in the last days of the Grabow trial, on the worse than useless word of Burns' detectives, three of the Union's organizers, E. F. Doree, Clarence Edwards and C. L. Filigno, were arrested and thrown into jail on charges of "attempting to intimidate and bribe witnesses," this when they hardly had money enough to buy their meals with, and bond in the sum of \$1500 each was demanded for their release pending trial. With these arrests we thought "impartial justice" satisfied and the terror, for the time being, at an end, but we were mistaken, for when the employees of the American Lumber Company returned to Merryville to go to work, all

who had been connected with the defense, even as witnesses, found themselves discharged. This meant the blacklist. It also meant "contempt of court," else the English language has lost all meaning, for these men were practically penalized for obeying the court's order, yet, so far as I have heard, no papers have been even drawn up citing the officials of the American Lumber Company and its owner, the Santa Fe Railroad, "to show cause why they should not be punished for contempt." In answer to this outrageous act of the Plunderbund, 1300 men went on strike in Merryville, as one man in protest against men being penalized and blacklisted for obeying an order of court, the entire force folded their arms and quit. They are still out. However, your Excellency, they had scarcely folded their arms when the Company, the Railroad and the "Citizens' League" with the aid of the "kept press" began to fill the air with the wildest reports, trying to make it appear that the Union intended to resort to violence of every description, thus despite the fact that at Merryville nor anywhere else can the Union's enemies show where it has committed a single act of such brutal personal violence as are commonly practiced in the closed towns of the Association, such as Bonami, Bogalusa, Oakdale and others. I charge, your Excellency, that all these wild reports were deliberately circulated to justify the act of the American Lumber Company and the Santa Fe Railroad in filling up the town with gunmen among, whom are several of the thugs who caused the "riot" at Grabow, and to prepare the public mind to hold the Union responsible for any violence and murders these thugs might, in the name of "law and order," commit. Your Excellency then ordered, on Judge Overton's recommendation it is reported, the militia to Merryville, but later they were withdrawn and replaced by deputy sheriffs, many of whom are nothing but henchmen of the Association and therefore unfit to hold a commission from a civilized state. Far from them being "peace officers," I have seen them deliberately attempt to provoke violence. However, despite all provocations, the strikers have been quiet and orderly, are still out and determined to win. The strike is not an economic strike, but is social in character—the men are but using their economic power to enforce rights that are older than organized society itself, the right to testify without being penalized therefor and the right to a voice in matters that are of life and death importance to them. The day of peonage is at an end in the South, no matter what the Association and its allied Plunderbunds may do and, I for one, am proud that it was the lumberjacks of Louisiana who began and have maintained this splendid rebellion against the soulless industrial convict system.

Demands of the Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood had demanded of the Association (1) a minimum wage of \$2.00 per day, the work day not to exceed ten hours in duration; (2) a two weeks' payday in the United States, and not commissary currency; (3) the right of free trade, the workers not to be forced to buy from Company stores, where prices are from 33 1/3 per cent to 50 per cent higher than in surrounding "free towns;" (4) a discontinuance of the practice of discounting wages; (5) reasonable rents; (6) a revision of insurance, hospital and doctor fees, the men to have the right to elect their doctors, to see the insurance policy and have representatives on a committee that is to control these funds; (7) a general improvement in the sanitary and living conditions of the lumber towns and camps; (8) the disarming and discharge of all gunmen; (9) the right of free speech, press and assembly; (10) no recognition of the Union wanted or allowed. In this connection, your Excellency, I would ask, by what right, under the law, do these Lumber Companies collect insurance fees, making in many instances a profit of close to 50 per cent thereon; collect fees for hospitals that exist only in their imaginations; collect fees to support doctors, fee varying from 75 cents to \$1.00 per month man, they hire two or three doctors at from \$150 to \$200 each, in most cases pets of the companies, under no obligations to the men, and then charge their employees extortionate prices for drugs and medicines, besides? There are 1300 men on strike at Merryville. Two doctors there. Figure for yourself the fee profit and then ask yourself if the revolt of the lumberjacks is justified or not? To keep this huge graft profit under cover and in hand, is why the Association

objects so strenuously to free speech, press and Unionization; it was for this reason the assassination of Creel was attempted, for this reason the "riot" was staged at Grabow, and for this reason the strike was forced at Merryville. If this be libel, my reply is that the truth is always libelous to despots. It is impossible in my opinion, for any man to libel the Southern Lumber Operators' Association and its agents provocateurs, the nefarious Burns' Detective Agency.

In Conclusion.

Much has been said and written, your Excellency, in regard to the "violent methods" of this Union of Lumber and Forest Workers and of the I. W. W. of which it is now a part; the employers of assassins, detectives, thugs, sluggers and gunmen, the water-curers and well-diggers of blacksnake whips have themselves and through their kept writers sought to make us appear before the world in the light of lawless characters of the most desperate type, this when they have been unable to show a single case of personal or any other kind of violence on the Union's part, and the Association had at its command a United States congressman and all the "Machinery of Justice" (1) of this state with which to accomplish its purpose and it failed. As Judge Hunter has well and truly said of the Grabow persecution: "In that trial the State of Louisiana was nothing but a spectator."

It is true, as your Excellency knows, that I advised the Union to meet violence with sabotage, and the Association gang tried to make much of this, did so when they are practicing sabotage on the Union every day, and so, for this advice, I have no apologies to make. Men who violate, not only all written laws, but the laws of war respected even by savages, as does the Association, have no right to complain when one whose life they have threatened advises that their profits be stopped until they regain their senses.

The Blacklist.

It has been denied by the Association that it maintains a blacklist bureau so I end this letter to your Excellency with a letter that may be of interest to you and those who would know the truth.

SOUTHERN LUMBER OPERATORS' ASSOCIATION.

Alexandria, La, 11, 23, '12.

Mr. George Gardner,
American Lbr. Co.,
Merryville, La.

Dear Sir:

We have this day sent you by Wells-Fargo Express blank reports for reporting men in your service. Please favor us with reports of men now on your payroll and opposite their names please state whether or not they were former members of the Union. Any information that you may give us regarding the men in your employ will be appreciated by

Yours very truly,

(Signed) C. N. ADAMS.

The above letter speaks for itself. Comment thereon is unnecessary. We know the truth and the truth shall make us free. On labor's solidarity alone we depend for liberty, and so, I remain,

Yours for Industrial Freedom.

COVINGTON HALL.

THE UNDER DOG.

By Wilbur D. Nesbitt.

Pretty good jokes you've made on me—
The under dog.
Funny, too, as such jokes could be.
You've shown me sleeping out in the park
On a cold, hard bench, in the starless dark;
You've shown me, gaunt, at the kitchen door,
Where the housewife gave of her toothsome store—
And you've twisted jokes of a man's distress.
Funny?
Lord! Yes!

Pretty good jokes—and all on me—
The under dog.
Each one pitched in a merry key;
You've sketched me fair in my rags and grime;
You've caught my grin when I'm doing time;
You've shown me clutching the car's brake-beam,
Or trudging ties in the sun's hot gleam,
And you made me funny, I must confess—
Funny?
Lord! Yes!

Pretty fair jokes you've had with me—
The under dog.
Hardly a week but I would see—
My battered phis in a comic skit
That had no line that was bare of wit.
That time the dog to my leg hung tight
You made of me a side-splitting sight.
It made you some money—more or less—
Funny?
Lord! Yes!

Pretty good jokes you've made on me—
The under dog.
Yours is a fancy that must run free,
And I am a tramp who need only roam,
While you are the fellow that's got a home
And wife and kids and an easy chair—
Me? I am the fellow that lives nowhere!
And humor, you know, is a thing to bless—
Funny?
Lord! Yes!

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LOVE SONG OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

By Jeanne Johnstone.

I cannot call you, O my darling,
To share with me a life of peace and rest.
I cannot promise aught, my sweetheart,
But the love within my breast.

And when the fight is roughly raging,
While perils compass us around;
The only home for you I'm saving
Within my heart is found.

A home! No home but heart's companion,
And children—dare we children bear?
We only hope, the while we fight for
freedom,
Our dangers, love and death to share.

UNITE! YE LUMBER WORKERS!

By Frank R. Schleis.

Next to transportation and agriculture, lumbering is one of the most extensive industries on this continent. In many sections and in many states it is the dominant and basic industry. Whether it be on the hills of the New England States, amid the ridges of the Appalachians, the malaria infected bayous of the South, among the rolling plains surrounding the Great Lakes Region, or west of the Rockies, where the giant fir and redwood rear their heads hundreds of feet skyward, as if aspiring to reach the heavens, the peck-it-i-peck of the woodsmen's axes and the ring of their saws will be heard.

Thousands upon thousands of workers there are employed in lumbering and allied industries working long hours at the most exacting toil, sleeping, for the most part, in ill-ventilated, poorly lighted, uncomfortable bunk houses, and receiving as wages a mere pittance as compared to the royal income which goes to the lumber barons whose palatial mansions raise themselves by the scores all over the land.

To these the message of industrial unionism, as expounded by the Industrial Workers of the World, brings new hope, the hope of a time fast approaching when the amelioration of the working conditions shall be fast taking place and of the establishment of the Industrial Democracy with its accompanying freedom and well-being for all. To these this message has come as a life raft on which to fasten hopes and ambitions. Whether it be in the dull light of the bunk house or as they hastily fell the tall timber or feed it to the ever-hungry saws in the mills, this message they whisper to one another. One Big Union is their watchword. To organize these men, to crystallize the sentiment which the voluntary agitator has created is the task now before the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers.

It is a big task. The lumber barons hate and fear the I. W. W. And well they might. It comes not on bended knee to beg and supplicate, but with head erect and shoulders back frankly tells them that to the fifth loaf which they are receiving this day the employer will have to add another fifth tomorrow, a third fifth the day after, and if it feels its strength capable will take the whole loaf the week following. Such a demand is not to be dismissed with a sneer, and as a result the Industrial Workers are meeting with the intensest opposition on the part of those who toil not and yet have all the good things of life, and on the part of the "kept ladies" who edit the larger part of the daily press.

Still the I. W. W. grows. Men who know from bitter experience the conditions met with in the camps and the mills are rallying every day to the call of the One Big Union. In the South and in the West thousands have already answered the call. Some still hold back. To you Fellow Workers the Lumber Workers and Loggers' locals established in almost every city of importance in the West and in the South hold out the hand of invitation.

"LONG'S STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

(The lumberjacks call a magazine pistol "R. A. Long's Star of Bethlehem.")
Tis made of hard, death-tempered steel,
The star of those that never feel;
It shines before their altars, cold,
The menace of the god of gold.

It hisses to the slave, "Be still!"
Or wreaks assassination's will;
It bears upon its blighting breath
The message of the lords of death.

In roaring mill and silent wood,
It stills the voice of brotherhood;
It stains with grief the mother-face;
It murders hope; it starves the race.

It frightens girlhood down the night
Where burns the baleful crimson light;
It binds the chains on baby-slaves,
This death-star in the hand of knaves.

L'Envol.

Hear me, ye who "shoot to kill!"
It will not always wreak your will!
Beware! Beware! Its rebel shriek!
The message men to tyrants speak!

—Covington Hall.

DOWN WITH RACE PREJUDICE.

By Phineas Eastman.

The boys at Merryville, La., where a strike has been on for over a month, "are sitting tight," and the N. I. U. of F. & L. W. and the I. W. W. may feel proud of the solidarity displayed by these fighting timbermen and their wives and daughters. Especially was this shown when the bosses tried, as they always do, to inject race prejudice into the ranks of the strikers. For, be it known, that the many colored men belonging to Local 218, are standing pat with their white fellow slaves; and also be it known that the writer has realized for years that all the colored workers needed was for the white workers "to meet them half way," and they will always respond, eager and anxious to fight to better their condition.

The drawbacks to amalgamation of the white and colored men on the industrial battlefield has been the contempt and hatred of the white workers for the colored race, born, of course, of the need so cunningly sown in his ignorant mind by the Capitalist class, and always kept blooming to bear fruit for that class in the shape of low wages.

The bosses never did object to yoking up a white and a colored worker together on the job and the poor white wage slave in our (1) Southern country has just awakened to the bitter truth that he has been made a sucker by the bosses' cry of "white supremacy" and "negro equality." The formation of the N. I. U. of F. & L. W. (formerly B. T. W.) is to be thanked for this eye-opener. The writer is doing all in his power to bring these forces together, and really works more on that proposition than on any other feature of organization work.

Here, in the South, we can't dwell on this question too often, for it is vital to the growth and ultimate victory of the

Forest and Lumber Workers' organization.

All organizers working in the South must not overlook this proposition. Dwell upon it in your talks, public and private, and remember that many white workers agree with me. Many, on account of years of estrangement from the colored race, do not know how to be friendly with their colored fellow workers, although they earnestly wish to.

The white worker is something like the schoolboy who has had a scrap and is told by his teacher to make up with his chum. He wants to, but feels abashed and is afraid he will be made fun of.

The writer also asks his fellow workers of the South if they wish real good feeling to exist between the two races (and each is necessary to the other's success), to please stop calling the colored man "Nigger"—the tone some use is an insult, much less the word. Call him Negro if you must refer to his race, but "fellow worker" is the only form of salutation a rebel should use.

CAUSE AND EFFECT OF PANICS

By Jay Smith.

To the workers in the lumber industry there is no need for argument as to the effect of a panic. All lumberjacks know from past experience that the only thing they get from panics is more misery, more privation, higher cost of living and lower wages.

The history of the panics of 1896 and 1907 should be a lesson to all workers in the lumber industry. All wage workers know the effect of panics, but few stop to consider the cause—and for every effect there is a cause.

Some say that our production is the cause, but there never was an overproduction of lumber or any other commodity,

else there would not be so many working people without a shelter.

The cause of panics is a question which should vitally interest every wage worker. No fair-minded worker will admit that he is prepared for a panic. Why? Because he knows that he has not enough of this world's goods to provide the necessary meal ticket and pay for the right to live under a rented roof. Every wage worker is and has been planning for years to get better fixed for the future, and 95 percent of them are worse off than when they first laid their plans.

The wage worker cannot better his condition as an individual under the wage system. This system is a slave system. It is the most subtle form of slavery that the workers of the world have ever known.

There will be panics so long as the workers attempt to fight the system single handed. In the past the wage workers' plans have been based on individual efforts, the worker never stopping to consider that his industrial master was organized to the teeth and was responsible for the last panic, never thinking that the next panic meant still another reduction in wages on resuming work.

Now for the cause: We see the mills running full time and some double time. Next you hear the boss say, "An overproduction," "No sale," "Ninety days' lay-off for you hands." So here you are in the midst of a glutted market, without a job which means that you will soon be without a meal ticket for yourself and family. The ordinary lumberjack cannot understand why he should be laid off until the market for lumber is again good. Lumberjacks, what you should do: You should have more for your work. If you got more your purchasing power would be greater. You could buy back more of the surplus products of labor, thereby pre-

venting this surplus from going to a few organized Lumber Barons or other Plunderbunds.

The only way to prevent financial or industrial panics is for all the workers to join the One Big Union and control all the jobs, cut down the work day, boost up wages in all industries and give to themselves more of the good things of life. It is hell for a working stiff to work ten to twelve hours a day for wages that is often as low as \$1.50 and pay as much for the necessities of life as the man who owns the mills where he works, and then have his pork chops cut off by a thing called a panic.

These conditions can be changed by organizing all the workers in the lumber industry into One Big Union of Forest and Lumber Workers. Once the workers are organized in this way they can get an eight-hour day and raise wages among all workers to where they can eat porterhouse steak, drink champagne and sleep until after sunrise, just as the boss does today. Get together! Organize the One Big Union and make the next panic a bosses' panic by taking the earth and machinery of production for the workers of the world.

ARE YOU A FLOATER?

Those subscribing for the "Worker" and Solidarity in care of local headquarters should give their change of address when leaving town. If on the move so papers cannot be forwarded, notify the secretary that your paper may be used for free distribution.

Persons having mail sent in care of a headquarters should send a forwarding address to the secretary.

Migratory workers who deposit their cards with the secretary should not allow same to remain when in another organized locality, but should transfer. It is best to carry your cards with you.

Joint locals of Los Angeles, Calif., Box 822, particularly request that papers, mail and deposited cards be sent for at once.

GET YOUR CARDS

Local 56, I. W. W., Bakersfield, Cal., Box 241, as unclaimed membership cards as follows: G. L. Hernandez, Geo. P. Bonner, D. B. Hollingworth, Jean Bragquist, Jos. Bradhart, Chford Bates, Harry Watson, Frank Murray, Jos. Dunn, A. W. Baborsky. The last named also ad mail, which may be secured by addressing Secretary F. L. Tiffany at the above address.

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The I. W. W. constitution in Italian is now on hand in the General Office, room 307 Mortimer building, 166 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill. The price is \$5.00 per 100.

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WHERE IS THE WESTERN MONTANA LUMBERMEN'S UNION?

(Continued from page one.)

ent or other unions as would accept and agree to the principles defined in the constitution. It was a political and economic organization and was organized primarily for the purpose of securing better conditions for the workers in the state by united political action. It was sustained by a per capita tax of 2 cents per member per month.

With internal dissension sapping the life from the I. W. W., it was an easy matter to induce the lumberworkers to withdraw from the I. W. W. and form an independent union with affiliation with the Montana State Union. It was the W. F. M. officials from the Butte Miners' Union as well as a general executive board member of the W. F. M. who waxed warm in their praise of the Montana State Union when pointing out to the Montana lumberworkers the great benefit to be derived from affiliation with the state union and how the miners in Butte would stick by them should they have trouble with Amalgamated Copper Co. logging companies which were supplying the mines in Butte with timber. One W. F. M. official, when driving his knife into the I. W. W., while addressing the lumberjacks, stated that charity begins at home and not in New York or Chicago.

The Western Montana lumberworkers fell for this state union dope and as their interests were directly wrapped up with the miners of Butte who were handling the timber in the mines, they really believed that in case of a strike against the A. C. C. camps, the miners would go out with them or at least refuse to handle scab made timbers. Such were the promises made to them, but in the spring of 1908 their dreams were knocked into a cocked hat. When the men were being hounded from pillar to post by Copper Co. officials, A. F. L. organizers and gunmen, committee after committee of the lumberjacks went to Butte and appealed to the miners to refuse to handle the scab made lumber and timber. After all the appeals and pleadings, the vote in the Butte miners union to refuse to handle the scab timber stood 5 to 1 to continue to handle it. Let it be said here in the interest of the One Big Union, the I. W. W., that the one out of every five in the Butte miners who voted to refuse to handle the scab A. F. L. timber were I. W. W. adherents. The rest were true to the craft union spirit which means every craft for itself and to hell with the rest. When President Joe Shannon of the Montana State Union of the W. F. M. saw how the labor fakirs and company suckers in Butte had succeeded in controlling Butte No. 1 in the interest of the Amalgamated Copper Co., he at once asked for credentials from Secretary St. John to act as an organizer for the lumber workers and although he worked hard and faithfully trying to pull the men together again in the I. W. W., the dirty work had been done, the men were discouraged and disheartened and the best of the old fighters were driven from the state in search of a master.

What There Is Left.

Today there is little left of the old fighting lumberjacks' union. A few are still around Missoula holding down No. 40, but the great majority have left the state or have taken up homesteads.

The International Brotherhood of Woodsmen and Sawmill Workers (save the mark) after having accomplished the work of destroying a bona-fide union, soon died a natural death. When it could no longer nurse at the pap of capitalism it died and left nothing but a stench in the nostrils of real union men.

Wherever an old I. W. W. lumberjack can be found today he will be found to have nothing but bitterness in his heart for the scab A. F. L. union and the fakirs in Butte who succeeded in keeping from them the moral support of the miners.

No Strike Is Lost.

It has been said that no strike was ever lost and that we profit by our mistakes. So far this had not proven to be any golden rule with the lumberjacks of Western Montana. Grafted on by Sherman, deceived by officers of the W. F. M., and scabbed on by the A. F. L., the old warhorse of the Western Montana Lumbermen's Union has been given so many doses of labor fakirism and treachery that it will take time for him to forget it all and profit by the lost strike of 1908. Now that the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers is organized, it may be that the old Montana fighters will

come back into the fold and again help to wrest more victories from the boss.

The lumbering industry is one of the greatest in America. It has made more tramps and millionaires than any other industry in the world. The men who are engaged in the hazardous task of felling the giants of the forest and the men who prepare the lumber ready for the building should be masters of themselves, free from the robbing employment sharks and free from the grafting parasites who fatten from their hard toil. Let us really profit by our mistakes of the past and organize in the One Big Union so that we may forge ahead to victory and Freedom. Nothing can help us but organization and that organization should be the union of all workers so that solidarity of action can be attained. The I. W. W. is the only organization in America which is really forging ahead and causing the parasite to have hideous nightmares of the time when they will have to do their share of the work of the world and crawl from the backs of labor.

On with the One Big Union.

To every lumberjack of the old fighting union we invite you back under the folds of the I. W. W. to again help us in the great battle for human rights. Let us really profit by our mistakes.

SENDING THEIR CHILDREN AWAY

(Continued from page 1)

posal to send the children away, has given the strikers new life and they were more confident today than for two weeks past.

Guido Mazarella, the Lynn agitator who was arrested two days ago for walking the streets "without a permit," has been prevailed upon to stay here until his trial on Wednesday next, though he was compelled to cancel his speaking dates in Massachusetts. The police were uncertain for several hours after his arrest as to what charge to make against him, but finally made it "boisterous and disorderly conduct" and "slapping an officer in the face." Every one knows what would have happened to Mazarella had he really slapped the face of an officer. Strikers have been beaten to a pulp, while in their cells, for much less.

Many parents have already selected the children who will go to Schenectady next week to be taken care of by the Socialists there, and it is believed that 25 or 30 will be ready to go by Tuesday or Wednesday to remain away until the strike is over.

Visitors who have come here to help the strikers have been surprised to find that it is practically impossible to obtain accommodations in the local boarding houses. Today the cat was let out of the bag when one landlady informed an applicant that her landlord had threatened to evict her if she permitted anyone connected with the strike to stay in her house. No hotel is now open to strike sympathizers except the Richmond, which is rather expensive for an extensive stay. The Metropolitan recently ordered out all persons having anything to do with the strike.

However, the hatred shown strikers and sympathizers is not quite as bitter as it was, because the merchants are now alarmed at the prospect of a wadless Christmas and some of them are now bitterly condemning the mill owners for refusing the trifling increase which the strikers ask. Philip Russell.

THE STRIKE AT MERRYVILLE, LA.

(Continued from page 1)

work." Some of the Burn's thugs are even wearing "Don't Seab" badges and are mingling with the workers expecting to ferret out some plot the workers are laying, when the only plotting the workers are doing is to find out a way to keep from starving to death. The Company has built a six foot wire fence around the colored workers quarters and is building an eight foot board fence around the sawmill and planer. While one half of the workers are picketing the job at Merryville the other half are organizing "Pal" John H. Kirby's peons and, if they are as successful for the next six weeks as they have been in the past three weeks, we will be able and are going to close down the entire Kirby system by Feb. 1st, 1913. Kirby's peons say they are going to join the I. W. W. regardless of what Kirby thinks and does and they claim that they might as well starve to death striking as to starve and make profits for Kirby. They further claim that if their fellow workers in Louisiana can afford to organize and join the I. W. W. and have the

SCARS!

ATTENTION

BROTHERHOOD OF TIMBER WORKERS

ON STRIKE AT MERRYVILLE, LA.

TAKE WARNING!

AMERICAN LUMBER CO.

GOING CRAZY.

EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT!

DOIN' WHAT? NAWTHIN'.

nerve to strike for better conditions, they can too. The rank and file of Local 218 are determined to win this strike if it takes till hell freezes over to win it and, if the Company does not grant their demands by the first of January, they are going to demand a twenty-five per cent increase of wages. There is only one thing that can prevent us from winning, and that is for the working class not to provide the necessary funds for us to live on. The Southern Lumber Operators Association started this fight and we are going to carry it on till we get a man's life in every mill in Dixie. So, fellow workers, if you provide the necessary funds to win this strike, we, all of us, will get one step nearer to the emancipation of the working class.

HEED THIS CALL

By William Mead.

Since the arrival of cold weather the labor conditions in Detroit have become worse each day.

A few of the largest automobile shops, such as the Packard and the Cadillac, are involved in a strike. However, the strike affects only a few of the skilled crafts, mostly painters and trimmers, affiliated with the A. F. of L. A strange feature of this strike is the apathetic attitude of the unskilled in the shops concerned, many being unaware that a strike is on. This is mainly due to the tactics of the A. F. of L.

Discontent is rampant throughout the shops, owing to miserable conditions. Most of the grumble is heard from the Ford plant, where the hours of labor were raised from 9 to 11 per day.

Trouble is brewing all over. The shop employees may strike at any time. The slaves seem about to change their minds on the question of unionism. Many know that only by organizing can they gain better conditions, but they are not yet familiar with the union that welcomes all workers into its ranks, regardless of craft, tongue, color or nationality. The craft union idea has failed to attract them. They will gladly join a union that will not betray them in their struggles with the master class.

All the I. W. W. militants must get into action at once. Each of our fellow workers here is keeping to his post and we are straining all our efforts towards lining up the workers in all shops for the One Big Union. But we need more job agitators.

Get busy, you rebels in the I. W. W., if you want to see the Industrial Workers of the World gain a foothold in the automobile industry. Come to Detroit. Join the men on the firing line. Agitate on the job.

The time is rotten ripe for organization and our message will not fall on deaf ears.

Let us start today to build the structure of the new society by putting up a vigorous organization campaign for the automobile workers' industrial union to not only improve our every day conditions, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

A GOOD MEETING

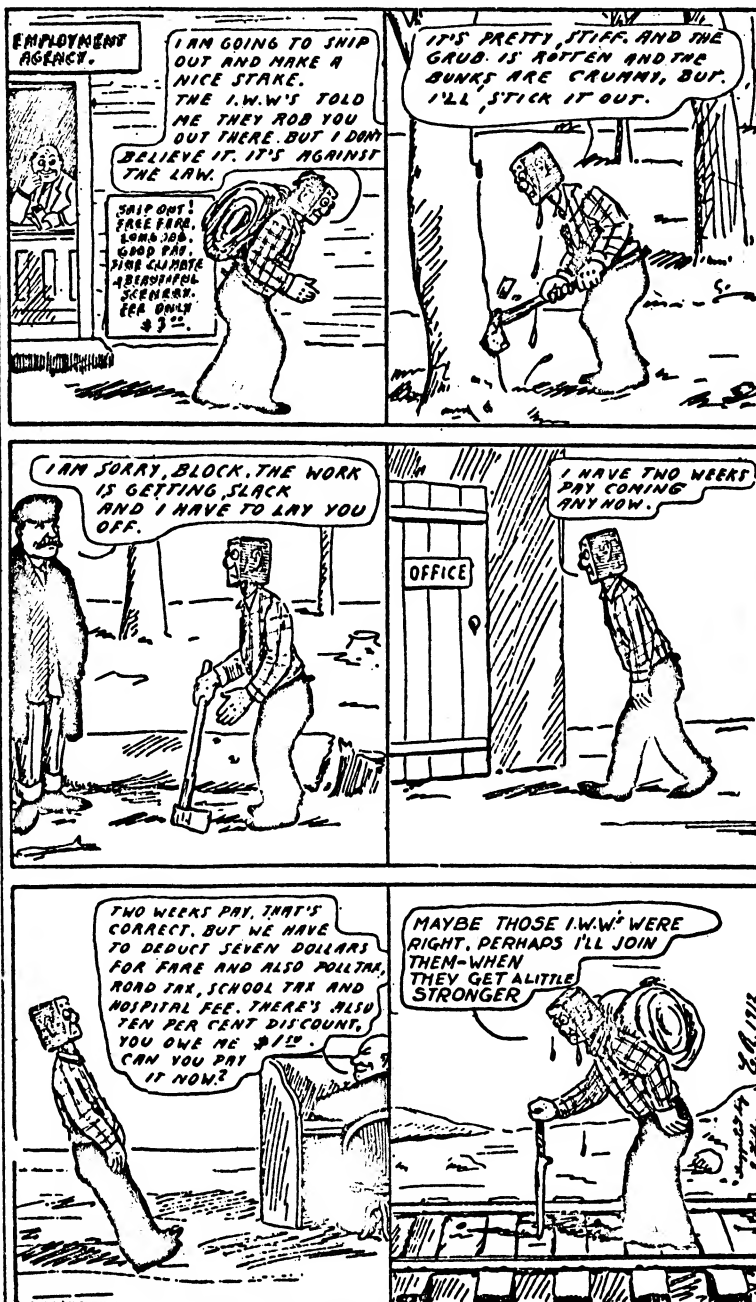
Wm. D. Haywood addressed a large audience in Rochester, N. Y., on November 24. Local 76 managed the affair. The collection of \$114.65 was forwarded to the strikers at Little Falls. Strong resolutions were drawn up against the thieving textile mill owners and were unanimously passed.

TOO LATE!

Several good lumber worker articles arrived too late for insertion in this issue. They will appear in our next two issues. Don't fail to read them.

Mr. Block

He Works in the Woods



Continued Next Week

ORGANIZE! A LABOR TRUST.

(By a Rebel Lumberjack.)

You loggers who work in the mud and the rain; who clear away the forests and make it possible to build great cities; who have to sleep in dirty bunk houses and eat cheap food; you sawmill slaves who work long hours and get small wages: Don't you think it is time to organize against the powerful Lumber Trust, the bosses' organization, into One Big Union that is a Labor Trust?

Let us organize our might and do away with the hospital graft, the employment sharks, the starvation wages and the long hours.

Twenty-eight thousand members of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers have joined the National Industrial Union of Forest and Lumber Workers of the I. W. W. For the first time in the history of the American labor movement we have a lumber workers' union, national in scope. At last the dawn of Industrial Freedom for the lumber workers is near.

Once organized into the One Big Union we can, at our pleasure, lay down our tools and let them rust; let the ships lie idle, and silence the mills. What a terrible power we have. At our sweet will we can paralyze the great lumber industry, the basic industry of the Pacific Coast and the Southern states.

The State Labor Commissioner of the State of Oregon, in his last report, claims that the logging industry is the most hazardous occupation. Almost every day a logger is killed or some sawmill worker is crippled. Organize to change this.

A general strike in the lumber industry would stimulate the lumber market. With the prices rising, and the camps and mills shut down, the timber thieves and lumber barons would soon desire a settlement.

Fellow loggers and lumber workers, join with us today! Don't put it off. Become a camp delegate, organize the camp, or mill, where you work. By joining the One Big Union you help yourself. Educate yourself. Help us free ourselves from the capitalist system.

Let the workers, through their union, own and control the industries!

CASTE SYSTEM CAUSES DISSENSION

By Malcolm C. McLean.

Like gentle Jesus, meek and mild, the loggers of British Columbia are master-hands to turn the other cheek. To see them in their warpaint, with their hats cocked rakishly over one eye; strutting around barrooms like stud cats, striving to strike awe into their inferiors, the skidroad men, one would think that they are king salmon among the minnows. But it is all a big bluff. They have no more backbone than an angworm. If they have, why do they work eleven hours a day? Why do they eat rotten butter and germ-laden prunes? Why do they sleep in overcrowded bunk houses? And when their wages are cut and the price of board is raised, why do they submit without a word of protest or any attempt at organization?

The great trouble with them is the caste system; the 'Old Creams, who form the highest caste, are strictly opposed to a union of any description; then comes the head fellers, head skidders, head swamper, head buckers, head barkers, head snipers, head pig men, and the lower castes following.

A chunk bucker or a dog-up man may consent to join the same union as the skidroad men. But head fellers, or any self-respecting members of the higher castes, will not make common cause with the despised low caste skidroad men; chiefly because the skidroad men work for sox and overalls, while they work for sox, overalls and tobacco. They seem to be satisfied as long as someone gets a few cents a day less than they do.

Foremen and hooktenders are in a class by themselves, and, let me whisper in your lug, suckers to the core. They have to be to hold their jobs. Some of them even have their mustaches shaved off.

Such is the state of things at present. But as "coming events cast their shadows before," one can see that the day is not far distant when the loggers of British Columbia will lay aside their servility and snobbishness and get up on their hind legs to demand their rights like men. Even the Old Creams may be pressed into service.

Many a man would read the "INDUSTRIAL WORKER" while waiting to be shaved. Subscribe for the barber shop today.

Send a dime for an I. W. W. Song Book. It contains 42 songs designed to fan the flames of discontent.